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OCTOBER, 1970

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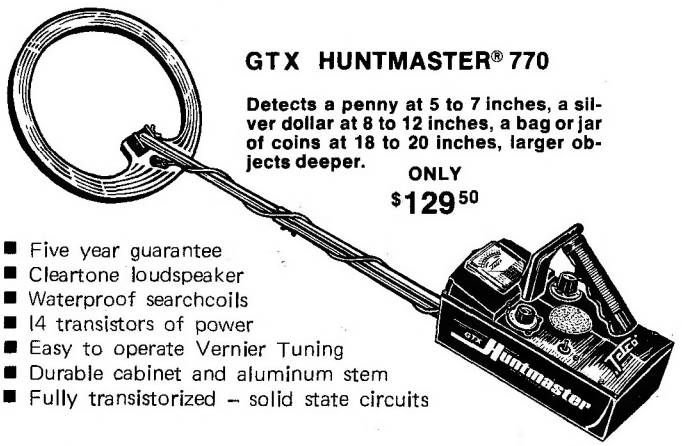

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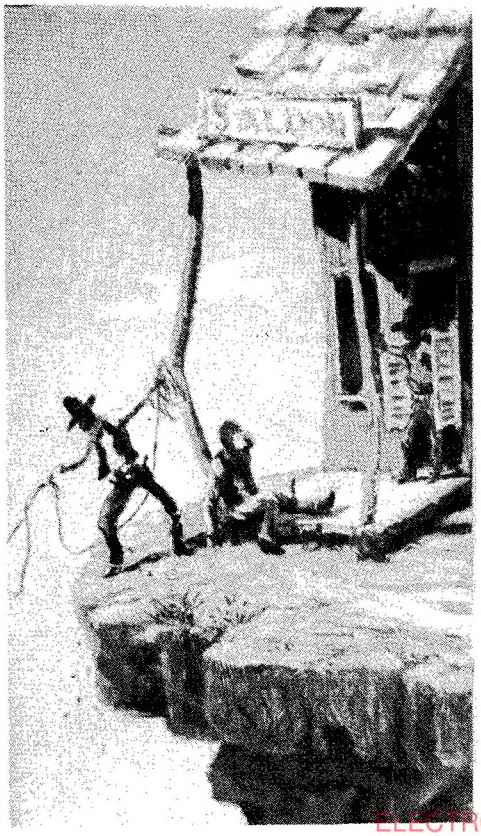
COVER

Cowboys weren't always tending steers, fighting rustlers or gunning for outlaws - a lot of their time was spent talk'en, drink'en and whoop'en it up! Lloyd Mitchell captures the humorous spirit of that part of the west in his "Robber's Roost". You will see more of Mitchell's unusual paintings on page 32.



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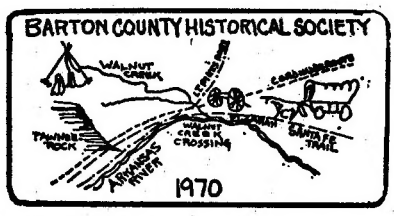

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LETTERS TO WESTERNER

CHOW HOUSE TALK

Dear WESTERNER:

I've been reading magazines on the west ever since 1967, that was when my leg give out and I had to stick close to the chow house - I never seen a thing like the WEST AS IT WAS by Bob Brown. It's got more history in it than all the books on the west in school. A man can learn a lot about his country just by keeping up with Bob Brown. Good luck to you and keep up the good work.

Carl Strems
Buffalo, New York

CUSTER'S VAIN CONCEIT

Gentlemen:

It seems to me that a general should know what his men are doing all the time and not send a young and inexperienced Lieutenant out on patrol when he doesn't know the Indians are waiting. (See Custer and the Kidder Massacre, Sept., 1970 WESTERNER) This is just another case to show that Custer, the man, was not a hero, but was really just a fortune seeker out to satisfy his own vain conceit at the expense of his men.

John Fellow
Tucson, Arizona

CUSTER OUT IN THE OPEN

Dear Editor:

Thank you for the Kidder Massacre story. It is very hard to get information on this hard to locate massacre and as a student of "Custernia" I was glad to see it finally brought out in the open.

Francis Haines
Bend, Oregon

BILL'S "IRMA" HOTEL

Dear WESTERNER:

Your July/Aug. Issue, with pix of Bar, of Irma Hotel Cody, Wyo.

Pix must have been taken shortly after Hotel built, - around 1900. The Col. Cody on left a big, big hat George Beck (great friend). Small man must be the Col's B-in-Law - Good man and man with nolled plans must have been architect or builder.

Continued on page 6

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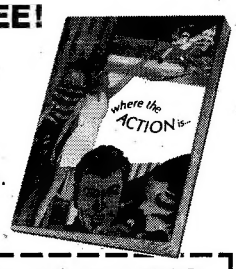

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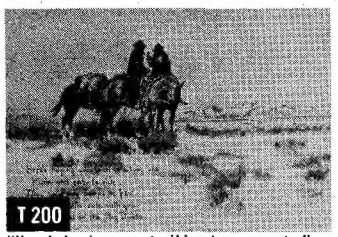
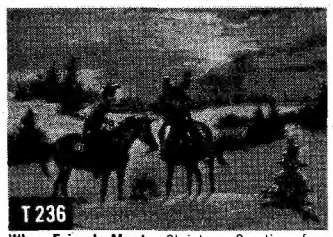

T 200

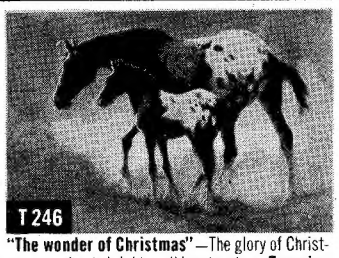
"Here's hoping your trail is a long one, etc." — Merry Christmas...Good friends, etc.—**C. M. Russell**

T 220

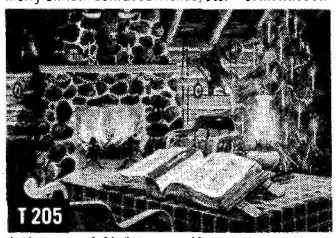
A Good Day for Visiting — May the Spirit of Christmas Abide With You, etc.—**Thomas**


T 236

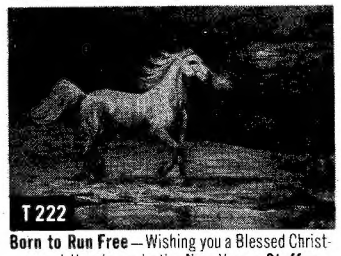
When Friends Meet—Christmas Greetings from our outfit to yours, etc.—**Lenox**


T 246

"The wonder of Christmas"—The glory of Christmas remains to brighten all hearts, etc.—**Touraine**


T 205

A Memory of Christmas—May you have a Merry Christmas in the old-fashioned way, etc.—**Stahley**


T 222

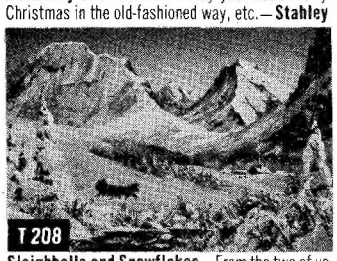
Born to Run Free—Wishing you a Blessed Christmas and Happiness in the New Year—**Steffen**

T 239

Caroling Neighbors — Thoughts of treasured friends make Christmas... etc.—**FitzSimmons**

T 147

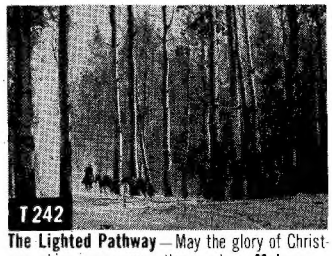
"Blessed are they that have not seen"—May the Peace and Joy of Christmas, etc.—**EchoHawk**


T 208

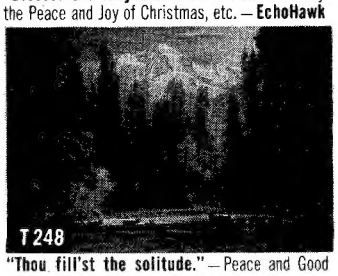
Sleighbells and Snowflakes—From the two of us at Christmas, etc.—**Kerswill**

T 126

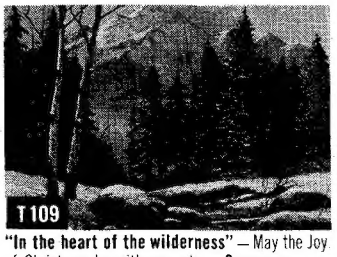
Legend of the Plain Madonna—May the Peace ...of Christmas be with you, etc—**Touraine**


T 242

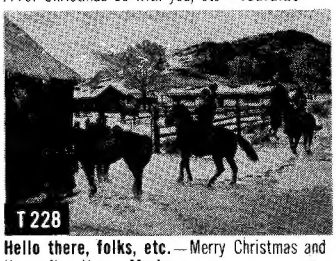
The Lighted Pathway—May the glory of Christmas shine upon your pathway, etc.—**McLean**


T 248

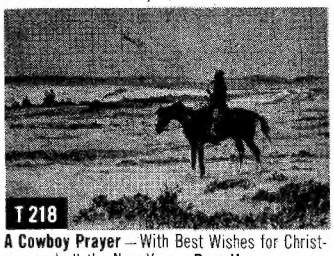
"Thou fill'st the solitude."—Peace and Good Will at Christmas, etc.—**Barks**


T 109

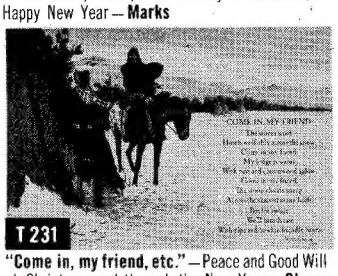
"In the heart of the wilderness"—May the Joy of Christmas be with you, etc.—**Swanson**


T 228

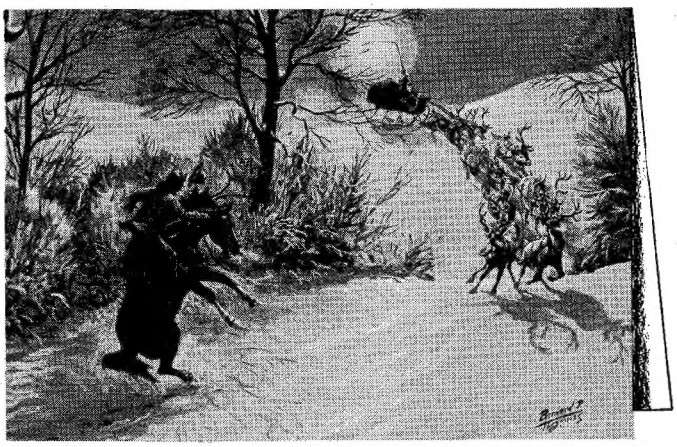
Hello there, folks, etc.—Merry Christmas and Happy New Year—**Marks**


T 218

A Cowboy Prayer—With Best Wishes for Christmas and all the New Year—**Powell**


T 231

"Come in, my friend, etc."—Peace and Good Will at Christmas and through the New Year—**Shope**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Surprise on the Trail—To wish you a Merry Christmas and a New Year chuck full of Happiness—**Thomas**

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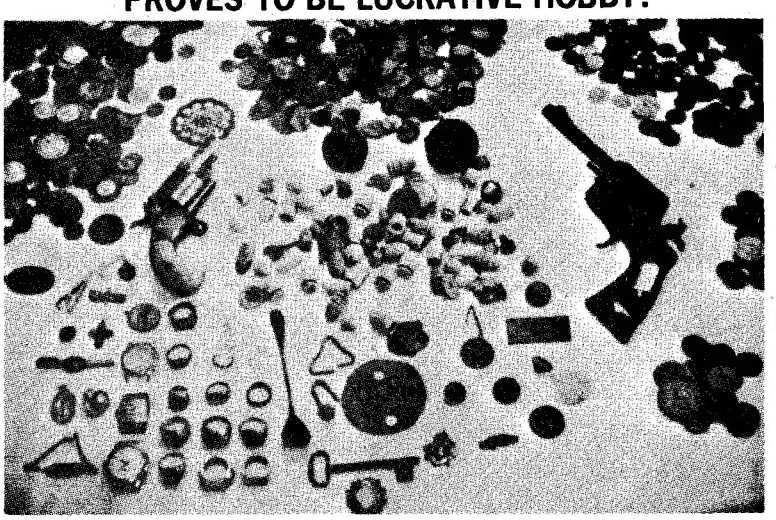

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LETTERS TO WESTERNER

Continued from page 4

The Col's sister "Irma" Cody Goodman ran Hotel. Named for her.

This, how Cody-Town, Born father, his two buffalo friends Geo. Bleistein and montague Gerrans, his friend George Thornton Greenleaf Washington Beck (Ky. gentleman related to Washington) and Col. Cody. On a Wyo.hunt had to outfit at Red Lodge, Then.

Arriving at very favorable site. All thought, would be fine place for a town. The Col. said he'd build hotel. Further, Mr. Berskin and Gerrans said would put in large "Trading Co." - Mr. Gerrans (big hotel owner) said, would put in a restaurante and Mr.Bech said would live there - thus, Cody Wyo. Born.

Dad much amused, with his friends joshing him about it, too "Rumsay Avenue", the Redlight Dist. of Cody.

My brother Bronson C. Rumsay O some "Yale" friends got the UXU Ranch. 40 mi. so. Cody. The glamour turned into tough hard work; so the ranch finally in hands of my brother and Harry Ferguson (wealthy New York fan).

He wed a girl, brought her to a grand big fine lodge he built on ranch for her. But she wanted New York and society life and Ferguson had to go, with deep regret.

My brother had several other ranches, - one in sunlight Valley in Cody area and horses/some cattle/ dudes and a small ranch, just about 5 mi. from Cody.

Very valuable library and fine things in that ranch - casa it burned, when he was in hosp. Has two Bronson C. and James.

At present, I am recovering from busted hip and operation on it. Long slow process. 7 mos. so far, and will be 12 mos. before I can really walk, and 24-mos. before I can dash around at strenuous sports. Again one tedious grind. A busted spine and broken hip - sisters under the skin."

I had several hunts with Dad via Cody and My 1st two Elk as Eleven-yr. old.

Cody had a load of wonderfully fine people. Real Westerners. Hearts Big as all outdoors. High principals, right wing, patriot Americans, all and all that marvelous country. "God's Country", to me and how I miss it!

Dexter P.C. Rumsey
Encinitas, Calif.

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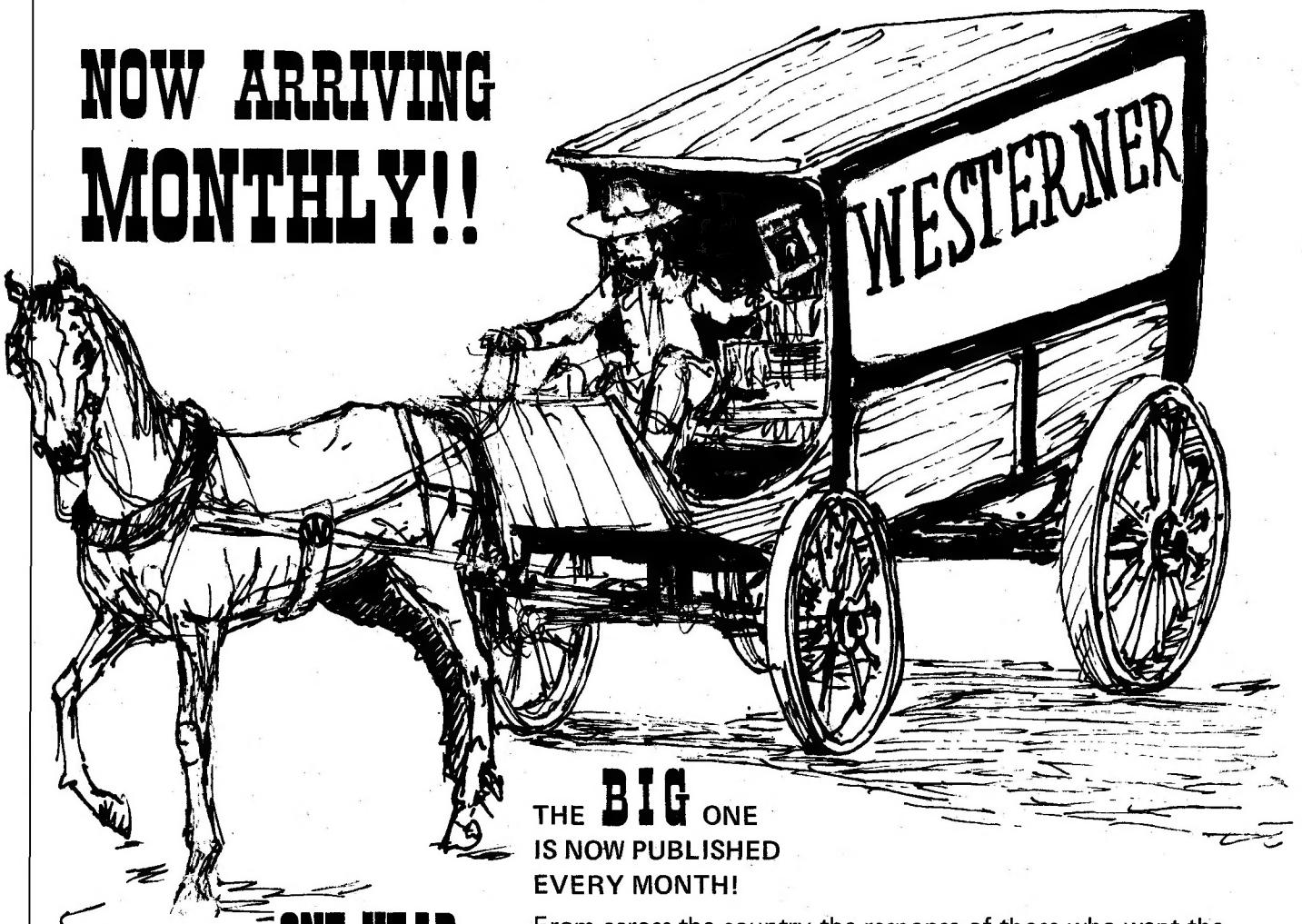

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The WEST AS IT WAS

by BOB BROWN

EACH rider on every ranch had his own string of horses. The horses were used to working together and are never borrowed or ridden by another person. The man knows each horse in his string and how he will work best. There are always a few "Night" horses that seem to see better in the dark and were always used for this purpose. There will also be the "Young Stuff" that are just learning the business. There will also be the swimmers for crossing swollen rivers and the "Brush Pony" that knows how to root strays out of thick brush.

The foreman never told a man which horse was which with a new string. If the man couldn't tell which was which after a few rides, he wasn't much of a horseman! The foreman could also run a man off the ranch very easy without actually telling him to go. All he had to do was take one of the man's "String." It was an insult that he just wouldn't stand! It would be about the same thing as telling the man that he would have to sleep in the chicken house and eat with the hogs. There was never a cowboy that would admit that his string had been "Busted."

IN THE early days when the railroads were new to the cowtowns, the younger men working on the railroad would search out the houses of entertainment. This became something of a problem, because train schedules were meaningless pieces of paper. The train might be scheduled to stop for an hour but it would leave much sooner to try to make up for lost time.

The train crew would then have to go from house to house to find some of it's lost members. To make it much easier the young men would often take a red brakeman's lantern with him and hang it on the wall or set it on the porch as an indication to where he could be found. This became such common practice that the bawdy districts became known as "Red Light" districts because of these red lanterns. It was quickly picked up by the ladies of the night as a guide to their establishments.

MOST early times Mormons were poor people so the cowboy began to associate anything of poor quality as somehow connected with these people. A Mormon blanket was a blanket that was made from rags of discarded clothing. The cowboy was used to a shirt with a long tail, so when material was saved by making a short tail on the shirt, it was just naturally called a Mormon Shirt. There was also Mormon Iron...which was nothing but rawhide that was frequently used to mend everything from wagons to hold the Mormon Churches together. Even a Mormon Dog wasn't even a real dog. It was cans on a wire that would rattle when someone was sneaking around and was designed to give you warning. You didn't have the expense of feeding it and you still had some measure of protection.

EVERYONE, but the Indian was interested in getting rid of the Buffalo. The hunters got paid by the railroad for killing them and the hides and bones brought money in the eastern markets. The Government was also anxious to get rid of them so that the Indians could be brought to their knees. The Buffalo was everything to the Indian. If he couldn't eat he couldn't FIGHT!
The United States Government even issued gold medals to Buffalo hunters that had killed an unusual number of the great animals. This medal had a buffalo on one side and showed a discouraged Indian on the other.

WITH the roundup over and a long winter ahead, jobs were hard to find. The ranch owners didn't need as much help in the winter, so many of the men would no longer be needed. You could ride the "Grub Line" for a while, but if you stayed over one week you would outlast your welcome.

Men that really wanted to work and didn't want charity would ask the ranch owner if he could "Hang on for the Tar Bucket." It meant that he was willing to work and would just hang around and take his meals with the rest of the men. If some job came up he could then do it without pay, just for his meals and a place to sleep.

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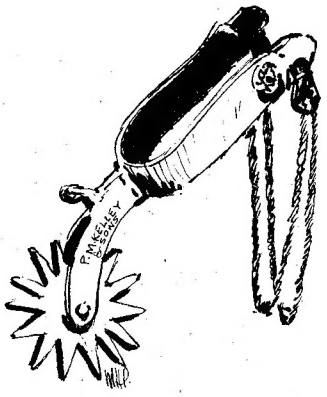
WHEN the quality of a man's tools mean life and death, the cowboy got the best he could find. For the best in hand forged spurs and bits, there was only one kind... Kelley's! These were made by a company known as P.M. KELLEY & SONS, El Paso, Texas.



When Kelley was a young man he listened to the cowboys gripe about the quality and design of the spurs and bits. Although he was quite young he began to design and build his spurs and bits. These were an immediate hit and he began selling them as fast as they could be made.

It didn't take long for the word to get around. The cowboys saw the product and liked it! They didn't mind paying when they saw something that they wanted. Even after Kelley could really go into business in a big way, the good quality always remained the same.

THE WESTERNER very seldom said exactly what he meant. He always left you a little room to figure it out for yourself. For instance; he wouldn't tell you that a man had spent a lot of time in jail or that you shouldn't trust him. He would likely point out that the only way that man knew how to play checkers was with his nose. Or he might say that the man could only play checkers through a picket fence. He figured that you were smart enough to figure the guy out pretty quick and make your own decisions.

WHAT DO you do when a fortune in gold trickles through your hands? Many of the early miners found themselves in this situation when they failed to prepare suitable containers for their precious metals. The most popular container was something like a buckskin bag that was cruedly sewn at the seams. Combine this with small grains of gold and heavy weight and you have a prime set up for leaving a string of gold from the mine to the nearest town. It happened more often that you think!

Likely it was one of these men that had lost his fortune that came up with an idea that came into fairly wide use. The miner made a long cylinder shaped bag and melted his gold and poured it into the bag. The gold was still impure to a great extent, but it was all in one piece so it was much easier to carry. These became known in the gold country as "Hide Bars."

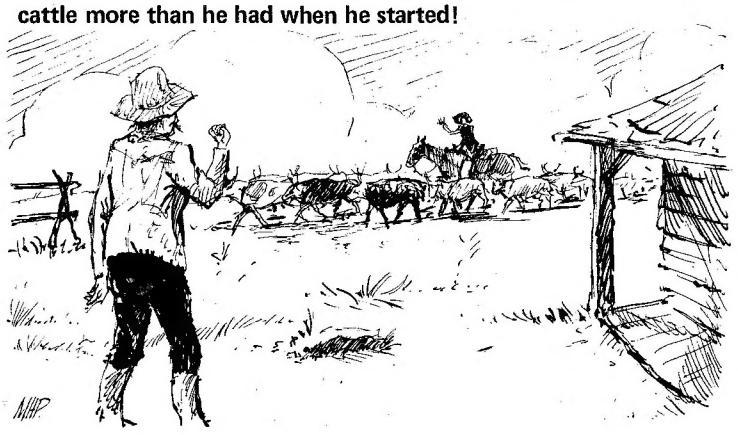
THE INDIANS knew how to become a father when the white man just cursed his luck. The thing to do was to take his squaw and move to the top of the highest mountain for a week or two.

Of course the Indian thought that this was because he was closer to the sun god, and would be allowed the great favor of children. In later years the white doctors explain that it's because people are pepped up by the greater heights and thinner air. It makes little difference which you believe, this works most of the time.

SINCE a westerner liked his horse to have a lot of spirit, putting on a set of shoes got to be something of a chore! Most of the old blacksmiths had a stick about a foot long with a short loop of rope on the end. You would put the top lip of the horse through the rope and twist the stick to add pressure. This would just about put the old horse up on his tip toes. If that didn't work, you had to tie one of his feet up off the ground so he was out of balance. Even when you had his running gear all strung he would still bite you if he got the chance!

ILLUSTRATED BY MIKE PANGBURN

FARMERS and other stockmen always resented it when trail herds came close to their property. Even if the herd didn't do any actual damage, the local stock was always attracted to the strange cattle. Naturally these "Strays" were gathered into the herd. So, on a good trip, a rancher might well end up with several hundred cattle more than he had when he started!



The people that owned these "Stray" cattle always complained, but it did little good. The owner of the trail herd would promise to pay when the cattle were sold, but this very seldom happened. The man could either kiss his cattle goodbye or he could try to take them back by force. Either way he was likely to lose.

Finally...these small men banded together and got some laws passed to protect them. Others erected a "Winchester Fence" that was very effective.

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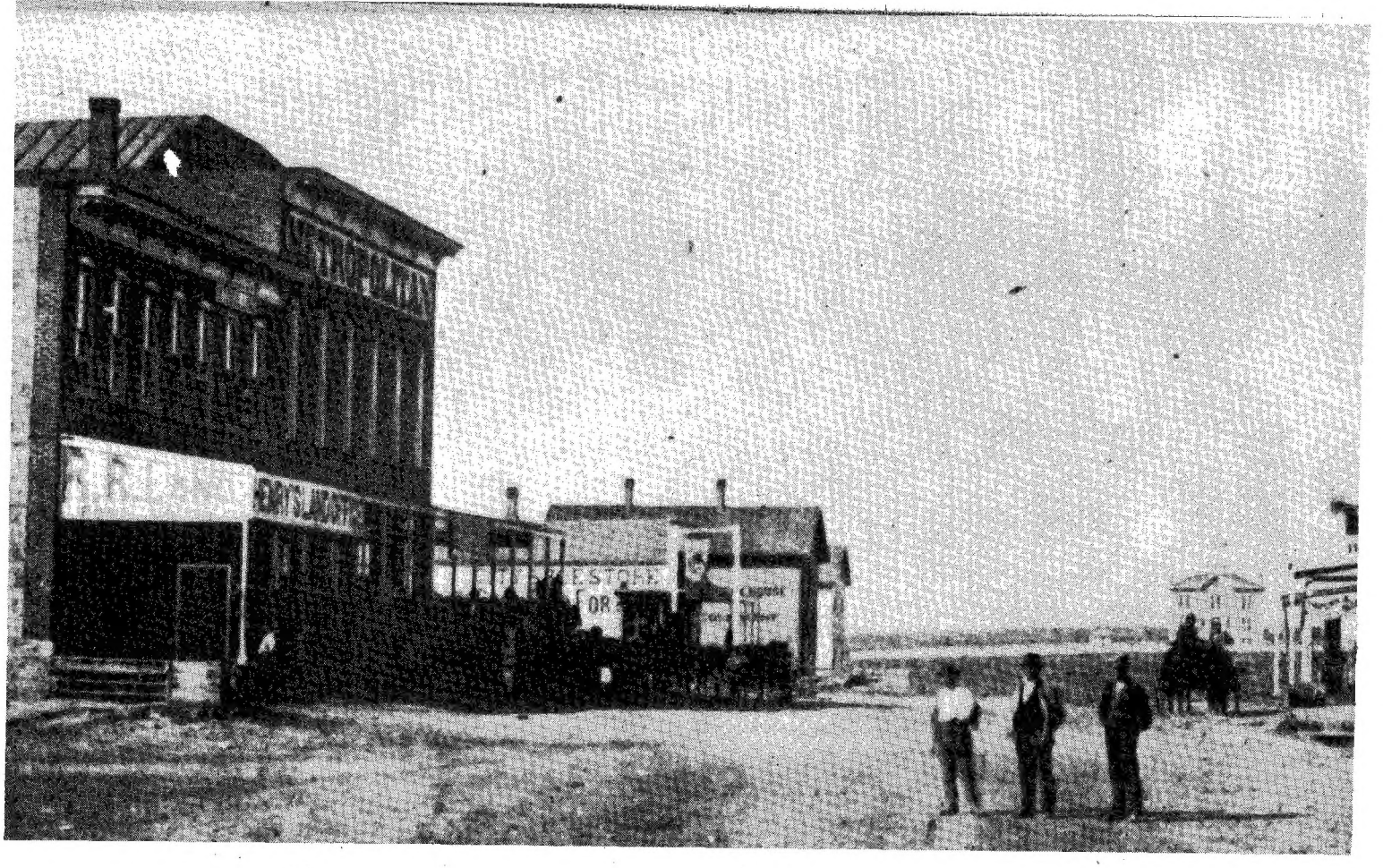
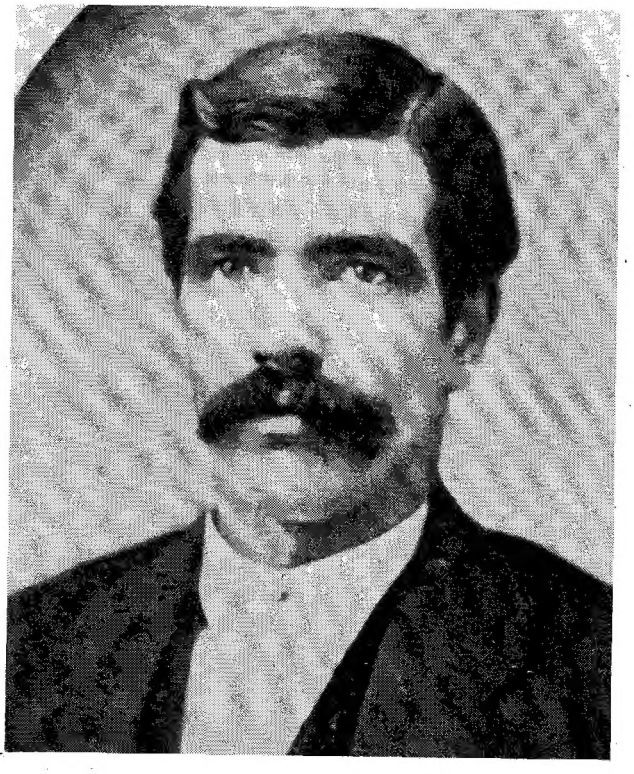


Abilene's Bare



HE WAS THE FIRST TO TAKE ON ALL THOSE COWTOWN GUNFIGHTERS WITH HIS FISTS -- AND HE WON -- FOR A WHILE

by WAYNE T. WALKER

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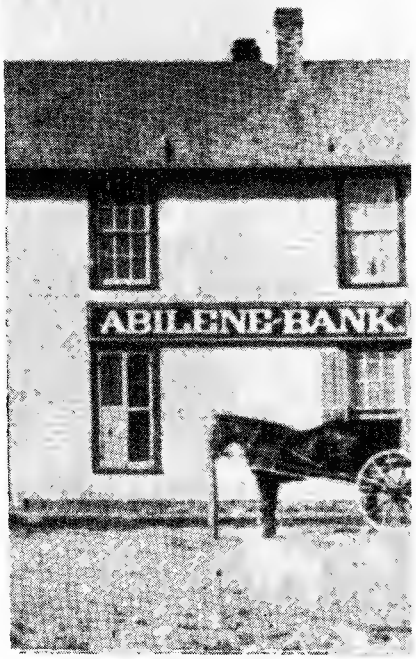

Knuckle Marshal

'Yip-yip-yip-e-e-e-e! Yah-ah-ah-ah-Yah-e-e-e!"

Giving forth their full-throated rebel yell, a group of Texas trail drovers dusted into Abilene, Kansas, that morning of June 4, 1870, galloped their mounts recklessly down crowded Texas streets. There were loud sounds of pistol shots and puffs of powdersmoke hung over the thoroughfare as they fired their six-shooters into the air.

The "wild hairs" from Texas had finally reached the northern terminus of the Chisholm Wagon Road after fighting spring floods, storms, stampedes and "chawing" on Indian Territory dust. After locating the cattle on bed grounds, they were in the railhead looking for some raw whiskey to cut the alkali out of their throats, and then women and gambling tables.

Thomas "Bear River" Smith was ready for Abilene's wild trail drovers, but they weren't prepared for anything like him. At the first sign of trouble, instead of drawing, Smith would stare at his man, walk up and level him with a punch. The cowboys had to respect a man who had guts enough to pull that and get away with it.

A tall, broad-shouldered man walking along the boardwalk watched the riders and thought how different it was from last spring when he came here seeking the office of marshal. The city council had turned him down, for they thought that "Bear River" Smith had too tough a reputation for them. Everybody had heard of his exploits as marshal of the wild railroad camps that sprang up as the Union Pacific pushed its way west.

Then the herds began to arrive and the usual influx of gamblers, calico queens, ruffians...from then on, there was no let-up from sunset to sunset. It was a continual din of merrymaking and violence erupted on the flimsiest of excuses. The council became desperate as marshals quit faster than they could appoint them.

Finally, they threw in the towel and sent Thomas J. "Bear River" Smith a telegram, offering the position if he was still interested. So here he was, almost anxious to meet the challenge.

He took in the large, bold letters painted on the front of the various establishments along the zig-zag street -- the Alamo, the Sidetrack, the Gold Room, the Old Fruit. Gaining wide recognition as the wickest thoroughfare in the world, Texas Street offered appeasement for any sinful hunger, be it liquor, women, or gambling devices. Of course, Smith could think of a few other towns that seemed as though they were the very melting pots of hell, such as the tough, sin-begetting railroad camps.

Later that afternoon, Tom Smith took off his hat to expose thick auburn hair and stood before the youthful Mayor T.C. Henry, as he was sworn into office.

"Well, Mister Smith, the town is yours," finished Mayor Henry, as he closed the Holy Bible and handed Smith the large silver badge, which Smith clipped on his vest. "I'm betting

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Tom Smith was buried in a two dollar grave in Abilene after his last show-down. There he remained for 34 years until townspeople dug him up and reburied him in a more prominent spot in the same cemetary.

on you, but you've certainly accepted a momentous task. Not just a few good men ahead of you failed miserably..."

The salary was $150 per month plus $2 for each conviction of persons he arrested. For some reason, he was originally hired for only one month but he stayed on the force until that late fall. On August 9, 1870, the city council increased Smith's salary to $225 per month, retroactive to July 4 (City Council Minute Book, Records of the City of Abilene, page 37). On the day he began, only one policeman assistant was authorized. In the 1870 census report, which was enumerated on July 30, Smith was listed as 40 years old and born in New York.

Study the quiet mannered, new police chief, Mayor Henry asked: "I'm curious, Mr. Smith. What do you plan to do first?" The Lawman's appearance and actions belied his reputation for his tough taming of the railroad camps.

Smith pulled at his well-trimmed mustache. "Well, I noticed several well-perforated signs relating to a no-gun ordinance. That sounds like the thing to do, separate their guns from them."

The mayor had to laugh, that ordinance had been a waste of time. He answered, "It was a good thought, but not very workable. In fact, the first marshal was almost killed trying to enforce it. No one else even had nerve enough to try and the signs became targets for the very guns we were trying to eliminate."

Unruffled, Smith said, "Well, have the printer run off another batch of them and I'll post them immediately. The quicker we stop them from wearing guns in town, the quicker we'll have a quieter and more peaceful town." He turned toward the doorway. "I'll report to you around nine in the morning, sir."

As Smith left the office, Mayor Henry felt the deep guilt of sending a man to his doom...

The following morning, Smith made the rounds after picking up the finished posters from the printer, persuading the various storekeepers, saloon operators and hotel proprietors to tack them up in conspicuous places. He also talked them into using their safes as depositories for the hog-legs of the pleasure-seekers and other gun-toting guests. They smirked as they read the notice -- "All Firearms Are To Be Deposited With The Proprietor" --, thinking that the tenure of the new chief of police would be damn short if he tried to enforce the ordinance.

Smith bought himself a new mount, an iron-gray gelding, and proceeded to enforce law and order in the untamed, shipping town by patrolling the middle of the street. A lot of the hard cases watched him through the windows, making bets that he would be killed or run out of town within a week.

He had just finished his evening meal and was preparing to swing up in the saddle for another patrol of the town, when a large drover ambled up to confront him. A gun was tied low on the man's thigh and his thumbs were hooked in his cartridge belt. There was a cold, mean look about his features, the eyes burned with resentment.

"You the new marshal that aims to run this town?"

Smith turned toward the speaker so that he faced him squarely, as he replied softly: "I've been employed in that capacity, friend."

The drover snorted at the gentle answer. "How about that gun law? You don't really intend to enforce it, do you?"

"Yes, I do. Now, if you'd be so good as to hand me yours, I'll deposit it in my office at the jail. You can pick it up as you leave town."

"Disarm? Marshal, I've never handed my gun over to no man and I'm not starting now."

Smith stepped in closer, repeating the request: "Laws were made to be obeyed. I'm ordering you to give me your pistol."

Laughing loudly, the big drover waited for Smith to make his play; however, he was caught with his trousers down by the marshal's sudden tactics. Instead of clawing for a gun butt, Smith swiftly sprang forward and connected a hard-bunched right fist against the Texan's glass jaw. The belligerent cowboy chewed dirt for the full count. When he opened his eyes again, Smith was standing over him with his own gun pointed at his throbbing head.

Not mincing his words, Smith sternly ordered, "Get out of town, mister!"

The stunned Texan was only too glad to oblige.

To the drovers, there was something uncanny about the new marshal going up against a man ready to pull his iron and knock him out with his bare fists. They knew nothing about the manly art of boxing and Chief Smith seemed super human to them. He quickly became the sensational topic around the cow camps scattered around Abilene.

Over on Chapman Creek, northeast of the railhead, another cow camp braggart known only as "Wyoming Frank," began making big talk around the campfire that he could cope with any marshal that the state of Kansas had to offer. Up to now, he had maintained a reputation as a dangerous man in a brawl.

Early one morning, Wyoming Frank rode into town for one purpose, to tree himself a marshal -- mainly, one named Tom Smith. It was rather late before Smith began his patrol and Frank began to get edgy. Losing patience, he hit one of the saloons and began nursing a bottle. The raw whiskey soon had him bellowing that the new marshal had heard of his being in town and was staying hid in a hole.

Then, someone interrupted his wishful thinking with a yell from the bat-wing doors, "Here he comes, riding down the middle of the street."

Frank boldly swaggered out to meet Smith, yelling abusive remarks as the chief approached on the gelding. He wanted to start a quarrel, so he could prod the lawman into reaching for his gun. However, Smith remained calm and quietly requested that he turn in the gun on his hip. Frank lustily refused. Smith halted the prancing mount and stepped down, then advanced with outstretched hand.

"Let's have your gun, mister!" repeated Smith, following the retreating drover.

Stubbornly shaking his head, Frank tried to get into a position where Smith would have to draw or give up trying to get his gun. But the calculated closeness of Smith began to unnerve him and mix his thoughts. He backed into the saloon he had just left, followed by the persistent marshal. A crowd promply gathered at the entrance and windows to see the outcome of the this tense situation. When Frank felt the bar cut into his back, he had to stand and face the irritated marshal.

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"For the last time," Smith snapped curtly, "Check your gun until you leave town."

"Go to hell! You're trying to bluff me, but I don't bluff. This gun stays right here, unless you outdraw me!"

Smith moved in fast, delivering a deft one-two punch -- a solid jolt to the solar plexis and a smashing uppercut to the unprotected chin. While Frank lay prone on the barroom floor, Smith proceeded to take his gun and remove all the cartridges from it. When he finished, he slipped the gun back into its holster.

"Get on your horse and ride out of Abilene. Don't come back! Your kind will not be tolerated in this town. Pass the word, mister!"

Frank climbed clumsily to his feet and slunk out of the saloon.

The witnesses stood speechless. Then one tall, wiry Texan moved forward and began removing his gun belt. A grin broke the sun-browned features as he drawled, "That was the nerviest act I ever saw. Frank has shot more than one hombre in a gun fight, but you had him buffaloed, the way you kept crowding him. You did your duty and as far as I'm concerned, Frank got off lucky. Here's my gun. I don't reckon I'll need it as long as I'm in town and you're marshal."

Mayor T.C. Henry (below) took a chance and hired Tom Smith when all else had failed to calm Abilene down. He told Smith, "I'm betting on you, ...not just a few good men ahead of you failed miserably." His salary for bringing in saloon drunks and gunfighters - $150 a month and $2 for each conviction.

A lot of the other men began to shuck their hardware and Smith told them, "I don't want them, just hand them to the bartender, one at a time, and he'll check them for you. As soon as you're ready to leave, he'll return them. Thank you for your cooperation, its for your good as well as the town."

The wild, free-wheeling Abilen had met its match, and the back of Texas dominance was broken. Thereafter, in the year of 1870, there were no guns worn on the streets of Abilene. Any man who went against the new police chief learned his lesson the hard way, a lesson the pupil didn't forget for awhile. Once, a drover was struck such a hard lick on the forehead, he almost turned a complete somersault; an uppercut to another cowboy cut his tongue in half; a third Texas had two ribs broken by a smashing side blow from the proficient badge toter and spent a week squirming on a horse blanket in the Abilene hoosegow.

Tom Smith was a dead shot with revolvers, but the use of his bare knuckles to conquer the incredible Abilene was part of a well-laid master plan and Smith was carrying through with such efficiency. He had an iron will, which was the base of his success.

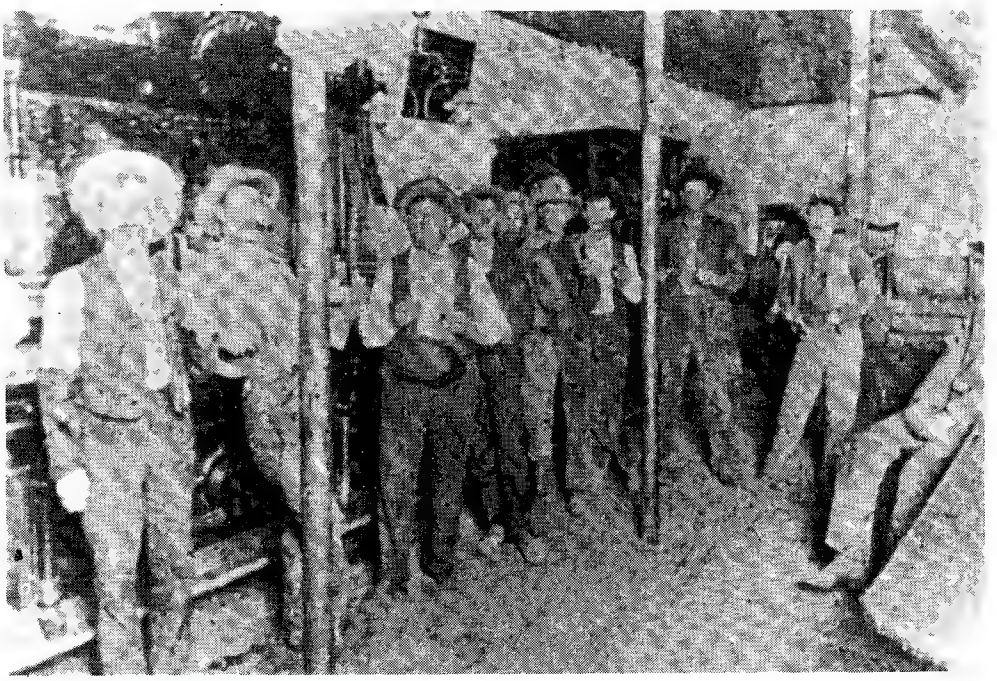
Thomas James Smith was born in New York City about 1840, obtained a fair education and served for some time on the mounted New York City police force. It was here that he had attained superior skill in boxing, shooting and riding; later, the turbulent railroad camps gave him the rugged experience to finish his education as a law officer. No one knows the reason for leaving New York City, but in 1858, he joined the Union Pacific construction crew, being employed in various capacities. When the railroad officials found how competent a peace officer he made, he served in this capacity in the camps as they were set up across the west. He became renounced for his success, especially as marshal of Kit Carson, Colorado.

In Abilene, the "oil lamp" exploit ranks among the most noteworthy of his feats, when it comes to unbending courage. It happened in one of the paltriest saloons on Texas Street, the Old Fruit. This whiskey guzzling emporium was long and narrow, with the large mahogany bar ranging along half of the west wall. The interior was lighted by three or four oil lamps, which gave forth a dim light at the most.

A Texan had broken a city ordinance and Chief Smith was making the different saloons in search of the culprit, in order to place him under lock and key until court in the morning.

At last, he caught up with him in the Old Fruit, drinking and talking at the end of the long bar. Everyone became quiet, resenting his presence among them. The troublesome drover retreated to the rear of the barroom, hoping to work his way around to a side door. Smith was watching him and quickly seen his intentions, therefore, he blocked off this avenue of escape before he could reach it. As the marshal approached, the rest of the Texans parted into two rows, then closed in behind him as he moved closer to his quarry.

Continued on page 50



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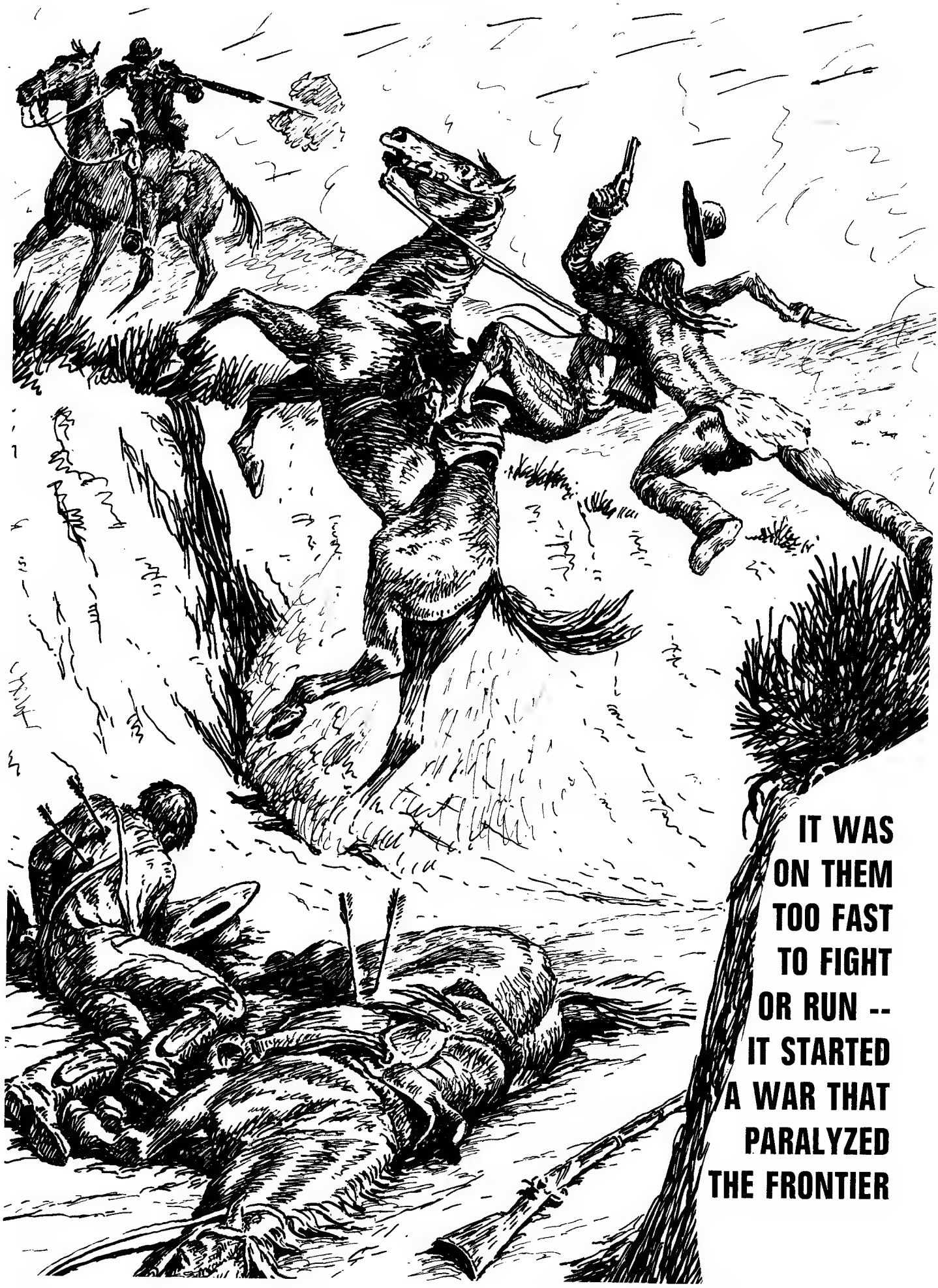

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ILLUSTRATED BY JUSTIN WELLS

PAIUTE AMBUSH

by KENN SHERWOOD ROE

Not an Indian had been sighted. The scouts moved through the belly-high sage, signalling the files of mounted men to advance. In the spring warmth of May 12th, 1860, one hundred and five volunteers from Western Nevada rode into the broad valley of the Truckee River. The trail dropped steeply between bluffs toward the shimmering lake beyond where surely they could trap the renegades, defeat them "once and final." It was a sincere, but fateful maneuver that would give history one of its least known massacres, that would send much of the terrified populace fleeing into California, that would ultimately paralyze a vast territory in a war.

The regiment, a conglomeration of prospectors, lawyers, newsmen, clerks, and roustabouts had joined under an ex-army officer, Major William Ormsby, a determined leader in need of an army. The force approached openly with no form of attack, motivated by recent impressions of burned homes and mutilated bodies.

Pyramid Lake, ahead, was a sacred expanse, legendary home of the Indian Gods of thunder and lightning, who the Paiute prophets said would strike dead any white man who trespassed. Somewhere near the south shore three thousand Paiutes, and a few Shoshones and Bannocks had gathered, all hate-filled, determined to spread terror and death throughout the territory. As the troops reached the thick cottonwoods near the river mouth, a horse snorted and danced sideways loosening a dirt-fall. Sensing danger, the scouts edged forward until one waved a halt and pointed. On a distant land rise, two dozen Indians sat motionless and watching astride ponies.

As the redmen turned and raced away, Ormsby directed a charge. Like hunters after a fox, the men whooped their elation. Down they swarmed into a swale. Suddenly around them rose hundreds of warriors from the flanking sage. Ormsby, realizing they had been lured into a trap, ordered a retreat, but a rain of arrows panicked the animals

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Chief Winnemucca tried to avoid war by getting the settlers to agree to stay out of the sacred Pyramid Lake area. Unfortunately, fortune seekers ignored the agreement and went in after gold.

and confused the commands. Men jumped from their mounts to press into the sand. Horses reared and tossed riders. Some animals bolted against each other in a crazy, dusty melee.

A few volunteers valiantly faced the enclosing Indians while most swung away, routing back up the trail. One lad was somersaulted and crushed beneath plunging hooves. Two dozen riders spurred desperately into a convenient grove of cottonwoods, as the Paiutes, who had anticipated the move, stepped out and annihilated them with half a hundred singing arrows.

The remaining force funnelled into the narrow river canyon and fled up the trail. With animal ferocity, the Indians pursued them, hungry for the kill. Only one white man, A.K. Elliott, managed a few accurate shots before crumpling to the ground. Another man, before he could crawl behind a boulder, was knifed by two Paiutes leaping from their ponies. He wounded one, but the second severed his head and stripped his body. Another volunteer, overtaken at the top of an embankment, was jerked from his saddle.

The two combatants rolled into the river with the Indian emerging, scalp in hand. One after another fell in the hopeless retreat, as Ormsby tried vainly to turn the men. Finally at the valley's upper edge, he ordered a Captain James Condon to take charge. Bravely, he galloped back to the lowlands, through the ranks of surprised Indians in a last, desperate attempt to guide the stragglers. Condon, followed his leader, however, riding up behind to shout, "The men have deserted - they've run!"

Impulsively, Ormsby, Condon, and a Chris Burn decided to make a stand in the rocks along the trail. It was a courageous, but futile effort, for now the Paiutes swirled around them, closing off the pass. Ormsby's saddle girth snapped, dropping him in a spray of sand. With blood streaming from his mouth and from two arm wounds, he ordered his partners away, then staggered toward the onrushing horde. He raised his arms hopelessly, trying to parley. A dozen bullets spun him headlong over the bank into the river. Condon and Burn reached the rimrock in what an eloquent journalist of the day later described, "There they were to stand like Leonidas in the Pass of Thermopylae."

Indians were everywhere now, sweeping across the plains, pouring over any man foolish enough to turn and fight. For eight miles the pursuit continued as six more men fell, clubbed from behind. During the next five days, stragglers crept into Nevada's frightened boom towns - Dayton, Genoa, Gold Hill, Virginia City, homes of the original volunteers. Meanwhile, bewildered citizens milled in the streets. A cry of anger, then horror resounded, as more arrived, their horses lathered with blood, the men wide-eyed and babbling. One claimed he had seen a "redskin toss his unconscious comrade into the coals of a signal fire." Thousands of Paiutes were reported storming up the canyons; they were but a few miles distant, rumor said, and "riding like the wind." Seventy six men had died it was estimated, with the remaining wounded or hiding in the brush. The towns were in an uproar as thousands crowded the streets, while others

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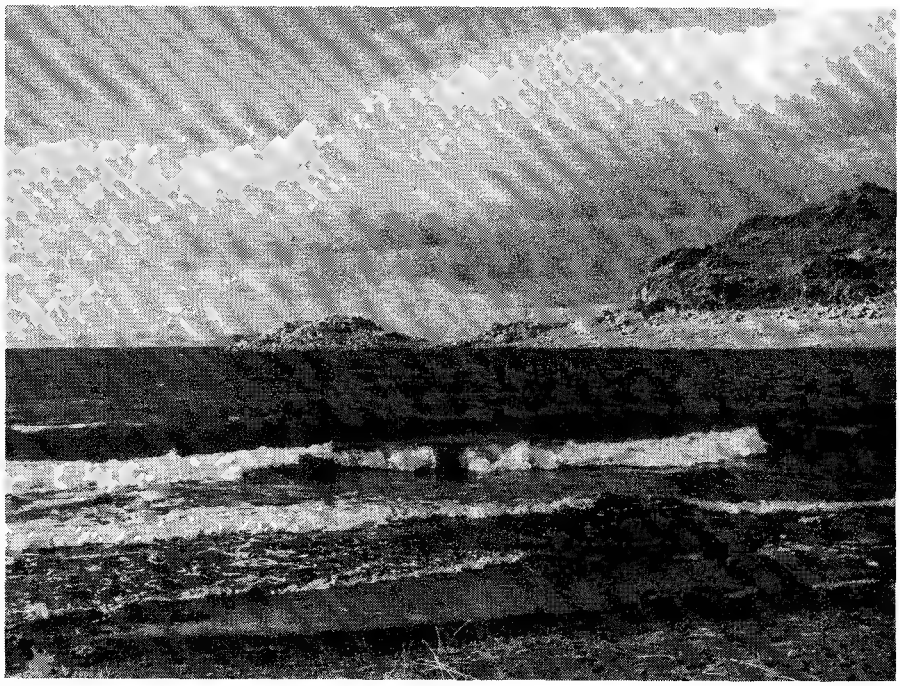
jammed into the saloons to share emotional opinions. And wildly the rumors spread, "Three thousand Indians are now camping outside our city limits," went one report in Virginia City. Unanimously it was agreed - save our women and children. Laboriously wagon trains wormed eastward in the days that followed. Along the old 49er route, up the Sierra passes, past Lake Tahoe to Hangtown and the protective valley beyond, the caravans carried food, a few prizes possessions, and the hundreds of women and clinging children.

Many citizens evacuated south, swinging into Owen's Valley in Eastern California. But the hardier populace, particularily those without families remained, barricading streets, boarding windows, and stationing lookouts. As Virginia City, Queen of the Silver Camps, lay closest south from the scene of battle, everyone concluded it would be the first town attacked. Men overturned wagons for barricades, others stationed themselves in upper-story windows and from the top of mine shafts. Guards took turns watching the water supply. Meanwhile, self appointed groups scoured the city, collecting all the available guns and ammunition. A few ingenius citizens, deciding that drastic measures were necessary, constructed a cannon out of a hollow pine log. They looped it with iron bands, mounted it on a buckboard and filled it with iron scraps and chains. They then hauled it to a rocky pass called Devil's Gate, and carefully aimed it to rake the canyon. "We'll make them damn Paiutes eat salt peter," the cry echoed, as they built a small fort to accomodate their creation.



Pyramid Lake (above and below) was where a hundred volunteers out to "teach them Injuns a lesson" ran up against 3000 Paiutes. The result was a massacre of the white men that sent settlers scurrying out of Nevada in all directions.

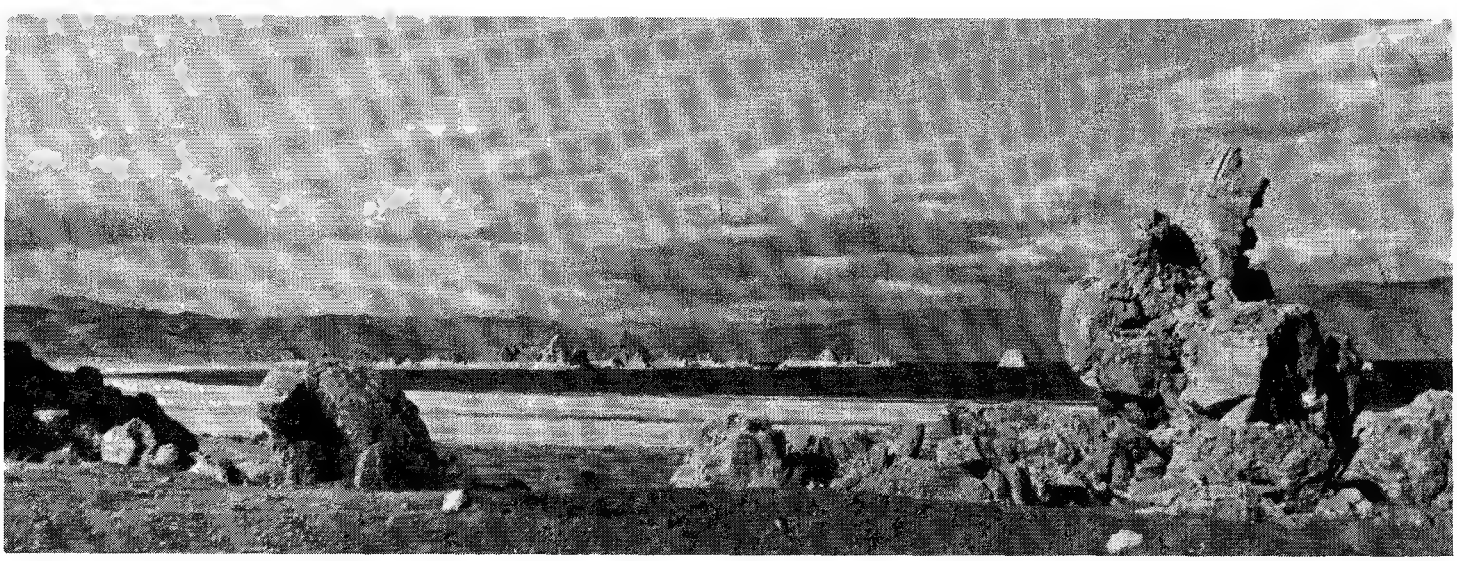
Years later, a party of local characters were to try the famed "Devil's cannon." They packed it from the old fort, there at the gate, and took it well out into the desert. They rigged a slow fuse and then ran and hid some distance away. When the explosion finally came, it blew scrap iron, iron bands, and wood chucks a quarter mile over the landscape. Had the cannon ever been fired in action, it would have destroyed the fort and every man in it.

During the next ten days, the Pony Express ceased activities as ranch buildings and wayside stopovers burst into flames from sudden sweeping attacks. Frantic despatches were sent to California asking for regular troops. Conservatively it was estimated now that at least five hundred Paiutes had taken part in the Pyramid Lake battle, and at least five thousand more warriors could be mustered. As the news reached California, volunteer companies were formed in Sacramento, Nevada City, and Downieville. California Governor, John G. Downey, summoned a Major Hungerford who was known, throughout the West for his military adeptness. The governor's telegram read:

To Major Hungerford:

"Sir, you will please collect such arms and ammunition as you can find and forward them, by express or otherwise to the scene of action in Carson Valley."

Continued on page 51



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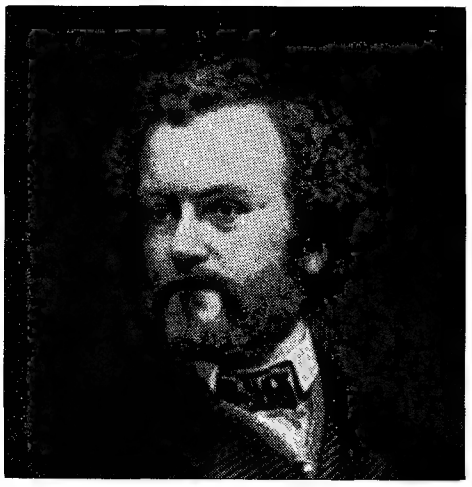
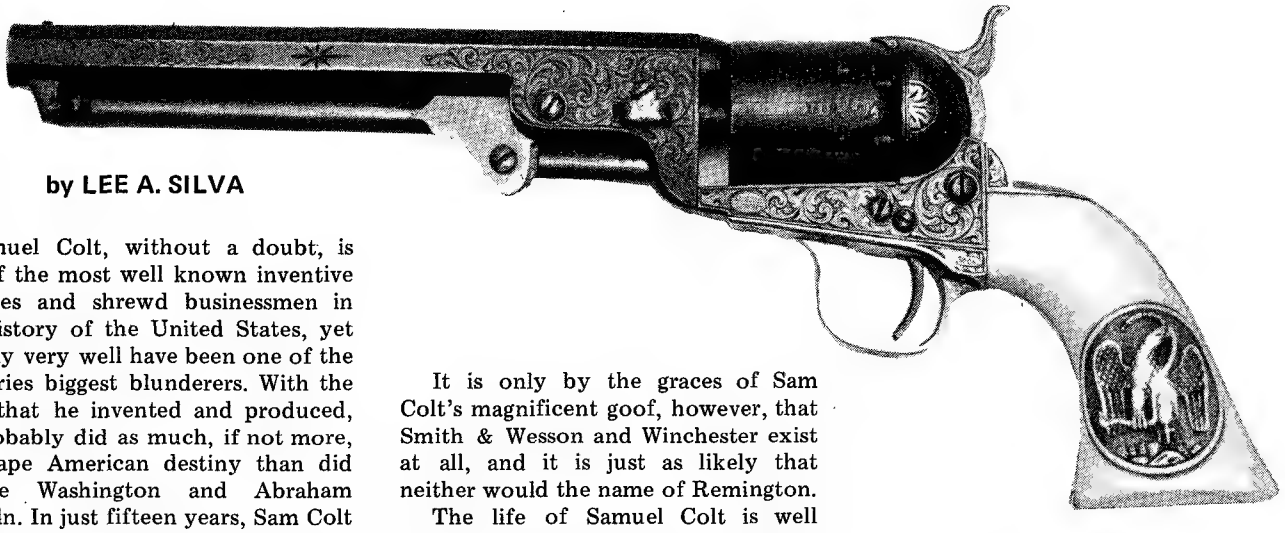
GUN KING of the WEST



SAM COLT COULD'VE HAD IT ALL—THE ENTIRE U.S. GUN MAKING BUSINESS—EXCEPT FOR ONE FATEFUL DAY IN 1855 WHEN HE PICKED THE WRONG MAN TO THROW OUT OF HIS OFFICE



by LEE A. SILVA

Samuel Colt, without a doubt, is one of the most well known inventive genuises and shrewd businessmen in the history of the United States, yet he may very well have been one of the countries biggest blunderers. With the guns that he invented and produced, he probably did as much, if not more, to shape American destiny than did George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. In just fifteen years, Sam Colt built himself an empire, became one of the richest men in the United States, and made his name a byword on the American frontier.

He also committed one of the most collossal business blunders in the history of American big business, and, by so doing, not only cost himself a fortune twice the size of the one he already had amassed, probably prolonged the Civil War by as much as two years, costing both the North and the South the thousands of lives that were lost towards the end of our nation's bloodiest and most disgraceful of all wars.

There are four major manufacturers of firearms in the United States today. They have all seen more than a hundred birthdays come and go. They are Colt, Smith & Wesson, Winchester, and Remington; names well known to sportsmen and gun fanciers everywhere.

It is only by the graces of Sam Colt's magnificent goof, however, that Smith & Wesson and Winchester exist at all, and it is just as likely that neither would the name of Remington.

The life of Samuel Colt is well known to biographers and gun collectors. He was born in Hartford, Connecticut on July 19, 1814, and as a child he was rambunctious and prodigious in his activities. He showed an early liking for science, much to the chagrin of his father and neighbors, for his most avid interests turned out to be firearms, explosives, and electricity.

Too restless to stay put for long, Sam at the age of sixteen, took the lure of the sea, and on August 2, 1830, sailed from Boston bound for Calcutta as a midshipman on the brig Colvo.

That Sam Colt, interested in firearms from the time he was big enough to hold one, perceived his idea of a revolving pistol during this voyage is a generally accepted fact. Exactly what spawned the idea within him has many tales of thought. The most popular is that he got the idea from watching the locking mechanism on the ship's wheel. Another, and probably contributing, if not originating tale, has to do with the revolver that Elisha Collier, an American from Boston, invented in 1813.

Samuel Colt was the creative genius of his day - besides inventing the first practical revolver, he laid the first successful underwater telegraph cable and invented the first practical underwater mine. Perhaps it was his distrust of other inventers that cost him an empire. The Colt model 1862 Police (right) in its factory case was the personal sidearm of Mariano Escobedo, the Mexican general who captured Maximillian. The pistol, above, is the famous Colt model 1851 Navy.

In the early 1800's the common method of ignition for a firearm was the flintlock system. This sytem utilized a piece of flint fixed in the head

Continued on page 20

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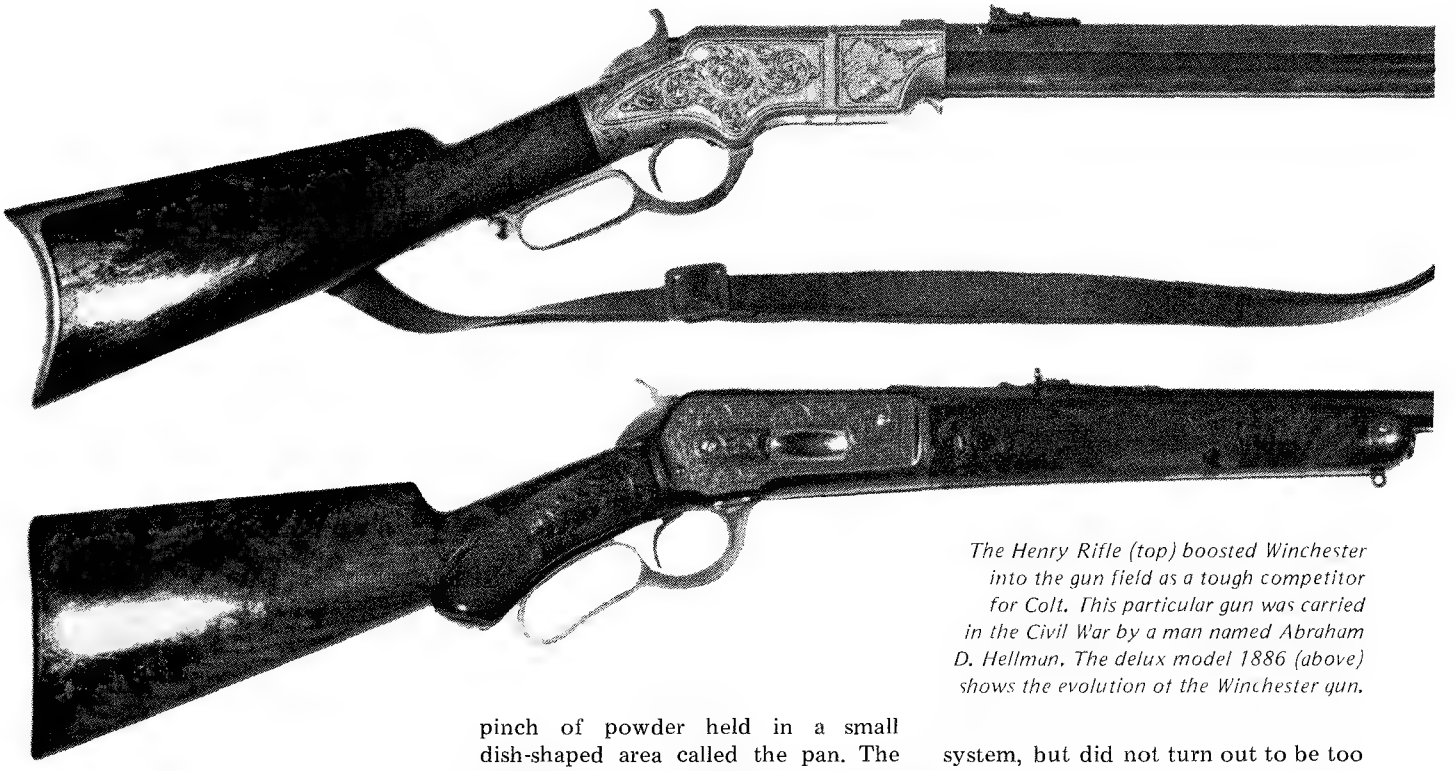
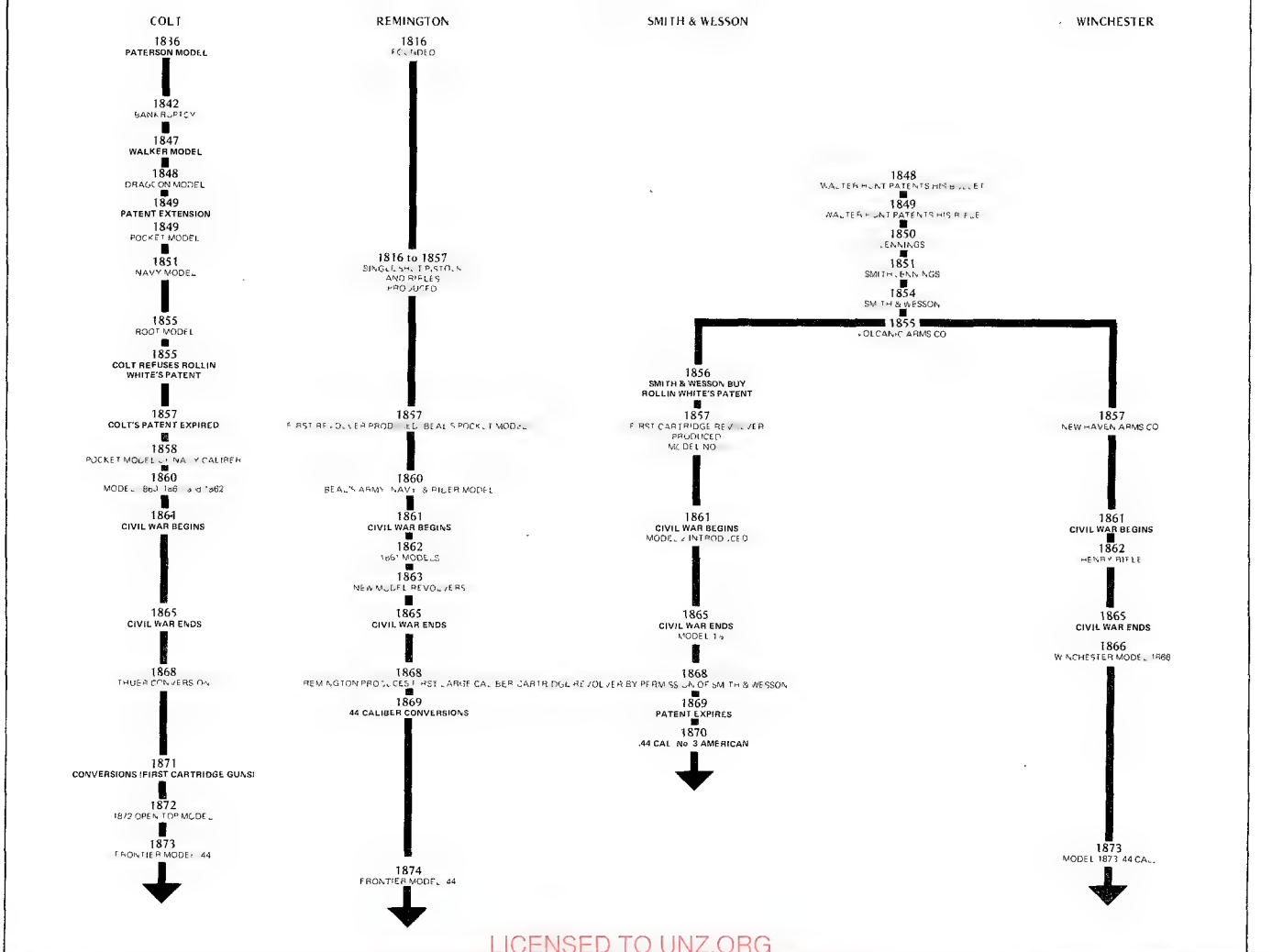


The Henry Rifle (top) boosted Winchester into the gun field as a tough competitor for Colt. This particular gun was carried in the Civil War by a man named Abraham D. Hellman. The delux model 1886 (above) shows the evolution of the Winchester gun.

of the hammer of the gun. When the trigger was pulled, the flint struck against a piece of metal called the frizzen, sending a small spark into a pinch of powder held in a small dish-shaped area called the pan. The powder, in turn, ignited, sending another flash of fire through the touch hole in the rear, or breech, end of the barrel, igniting the main charge of powder inside the barrel.

Elisha Collier's revolver utilized this system, but did not turn out to be too successful, mostly because it was just too far advanced for it's time, not being very practical for the flintlock system of ignition. Collier, in fact, could not get his revolver accepted in the U.S., and finally had it patented

THE FIREARMS FAMILY TREE



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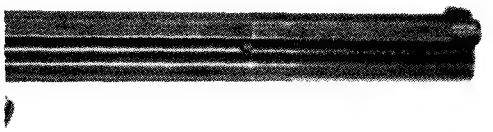
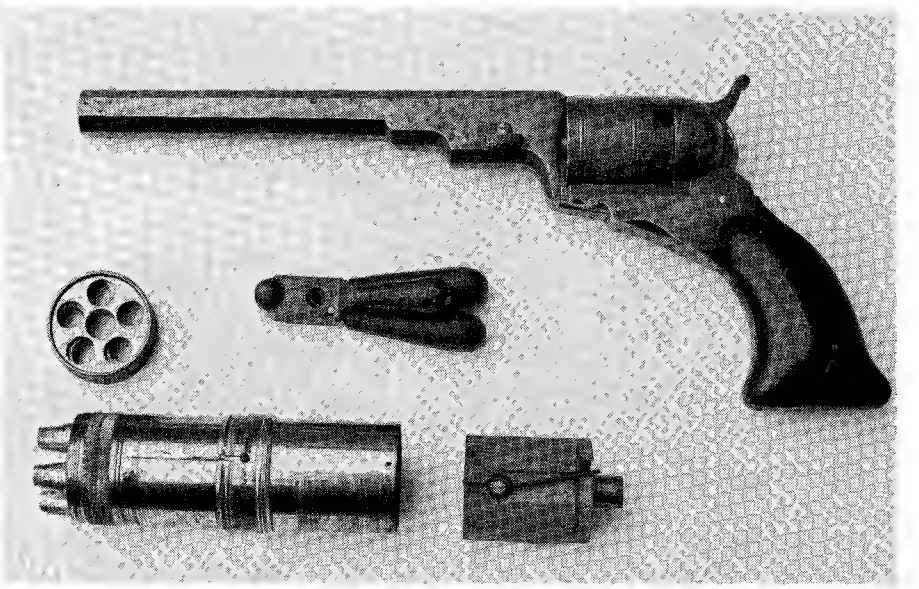
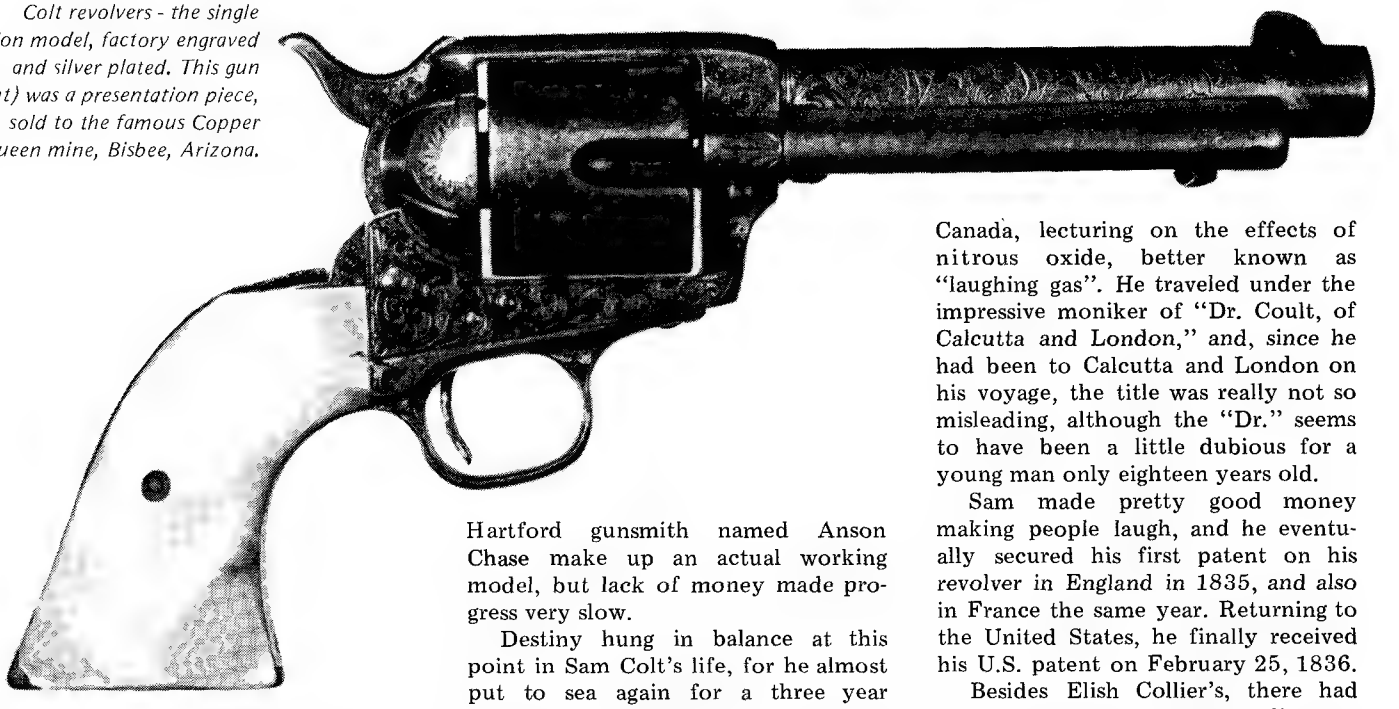




The first gun that Colt produced - the Colt Paterson, Texas or Holster pistol, shown with bullet mold and powder charger. It had limited success and eventually the Paterson company went bankrupt.

The most famous of all the Colt revolvers - the single action model, factory engraved and silver plated. This gun (right) was a presentation piece, sold to the famous Copper Queen mine, Bisbee, Arizona.



and produced in England in 1818. The gun was mildly accepted there, and some were even sold to the British government for use in it's colonies, particularly in India.

It is evident that Sam Colt saw one of these Collier revolvers in India, and it may or may not have had an influence on his ideas, for it was a very clumsy gun, and, the later ones being hand-operated, it left much to be desired.

Whatever caused the dawn of invention in Sam Colt's mind will probably never be known for sure, but the idea was there, for when his ship finally finished it's voyage and docked once again in Boston, young Sam stepped off the ship with a neatly carved wooden model of a revolving pistol tucked safely away among his belongings. As soon as possible, he had a Hartford gunsmith named Anson Chase make up an actual working model, but lack of money made progress very slow.

Destiny hung in balance at this point in Sam Colt's life, for he almost put to sea again for a three year voyage on a whaling ship.

Instead, however, his scientifically inclined mind now working overtime, he embarked on a tour of the U.S. and Canada, lecturing on the effects of nitrous oxide, better known as "laughing gas". He traveled under the impressive moniker of "Dr. Coult, of Calcutta and London," and, since he had been to Calcutta and London on his voyage, the title was really not so misleading, although the "Dr." seems to have been a little dubious for a young man only eighteen years old.

Sam made pretty good money making people laugh, and he eventually secured his first patent on his revolver in England in 1835, and also in France the same year. Returning to the United States, he finally received his U.S. patent on February 25, 1836.

Besides Elish Collier's, there had been other revolving firearms developed before Sam Colt's, and Sam certainly did not invent the revolver.

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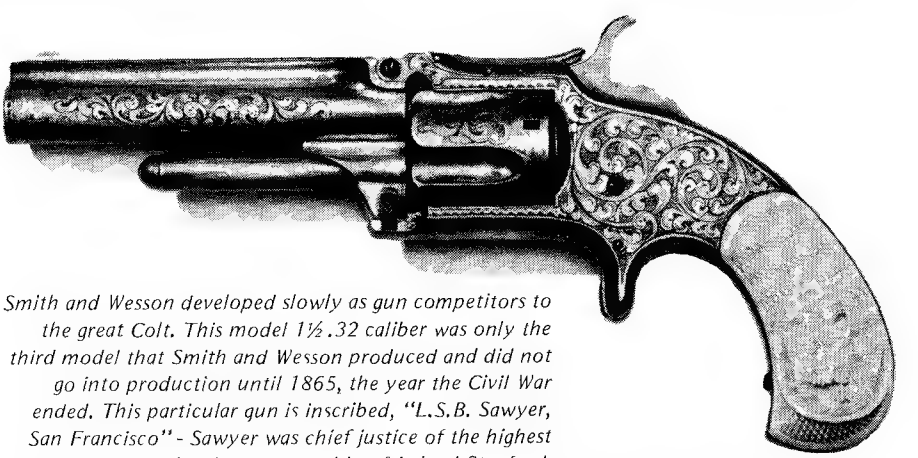

Smith and Wesson developed slowly as gun competitors to the great Colt. This model 1½ .32 caliber was only the third model that Smith and Wesson produced and did not go into production until 1865, the year the Civil War ended. This particular gun is inscribed, "L.S.B. Sawyer, San Francisco" - Sawyer was chief justice of the highest California Court under the governorship of Leland Stanford.

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MYTH of the GUNFIGHTER

WAS HE THE TOUGH MAN OF THE WEST OR JUST A BACK-SHOOTER?

An opinion by W.S. KEEZER

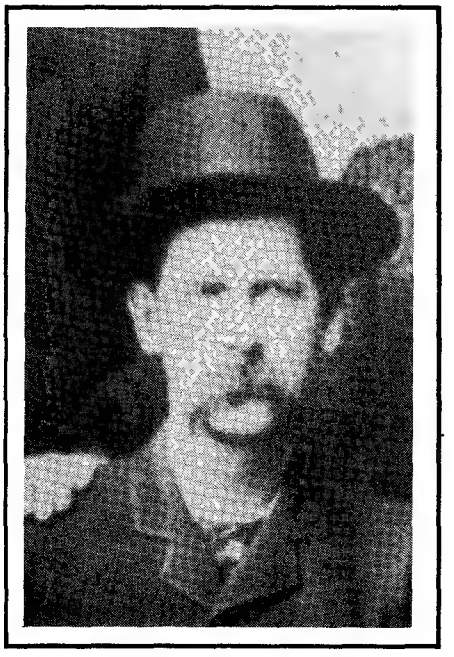
The marshal, sporting a sagging moustache and baggy dirty pants was hiding outside the saloon door clutching a Colt .44 in his sweating hand. As the outlaw came out he shoved the Colt into the outlaw's bloated gut and stammered, "Draw you coward."

He then hauled the man to the mockery of the Justice of the Peace and pocketed at least half the fine. Satisfied, he returned to the crooked faro game he was running as a side line. This is near to the truth. But the myth and the legend put it a little differently.

It was high noon. The sun blazed down on the sun-baked, dusty street. Except for an occasional cow pony standing with lowered head at some hitching rail, with its tail switching idly at the abundant flies, no living thing was about. Suddenly two men walked out from the shade of buildings some fifty yards apart. Almost casually they stepped to the center of the street and stood facing each other. They began to move toward each other slowly but steadily, spurs jingled softly and their boot heels raised small puffs of dust.

The outlaw carried himself arrogantly, his lips were drawn back in a sneer. He was well aware that hidden along the street the people watched him with deep-seated hate born of fear. His expression was contemptuous as his hand hovered near the butt of an ornate Colt's Peacemaker which flashed brightly in the glaring rays of the desert sun with each movement. His snakelike eyes were unblinking, cold, and cruel. He was a killer, determined the marshal approaching him would die. The same as all others died

Continued on page 56



Wyatt Earp (left) was considered one of the west's toughest marshalls, but some say he got his job done by provoking fights, drawing first and shooting men while they had their hands already in the air.

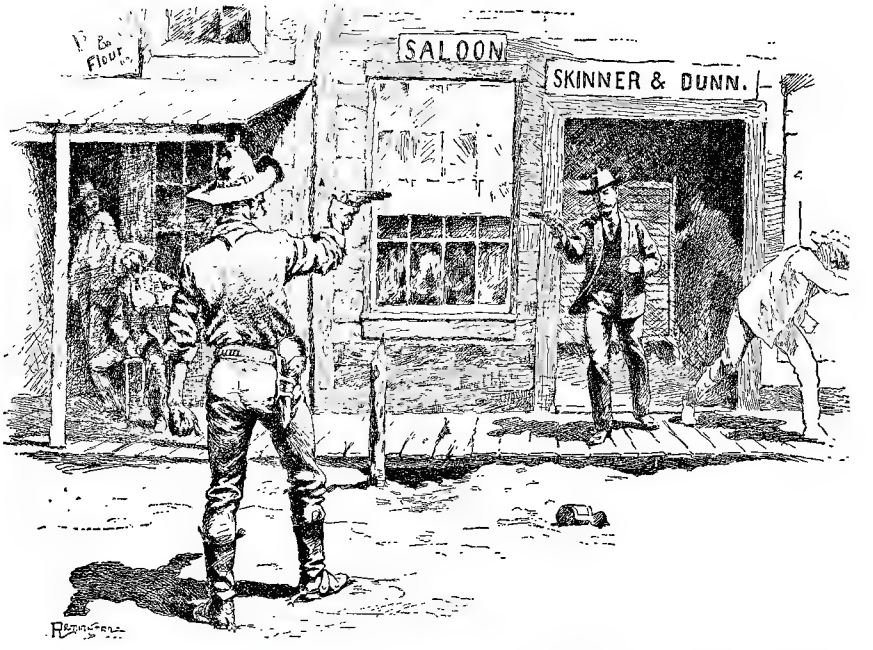


ILLUSTRATION BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

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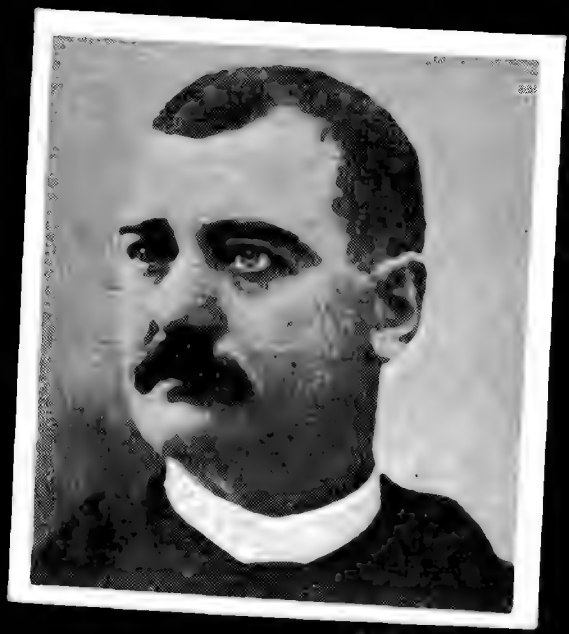
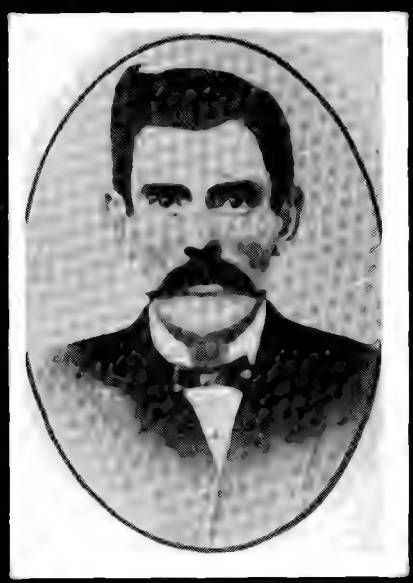
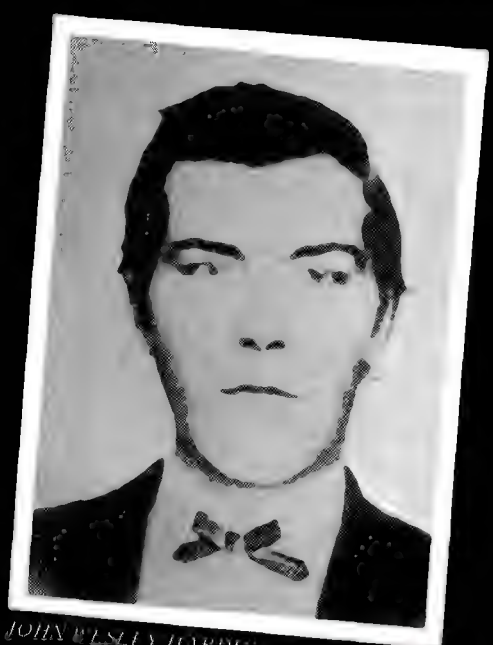


BAT MASTERSON

JOHN HENRY "DOC" HOLLIDAY



BOND BAFORD



JOHN WESLEY HARDIN

JESSE JAMES

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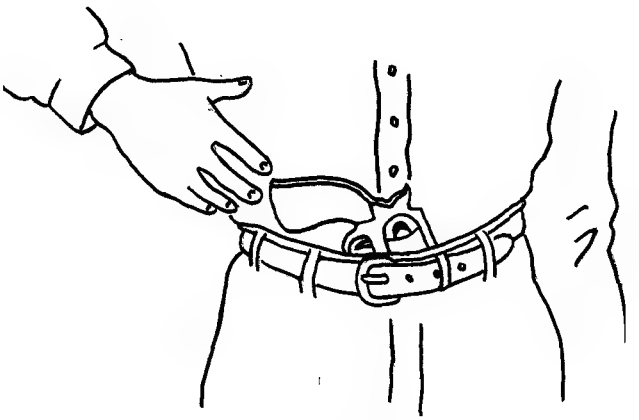
Tricks of the GUNFIGHTER

STRAIGHT SHOOTING WASN'T ENOUGH AGAINST THE "EDGE" THESE SECRETS GAVE A MAN

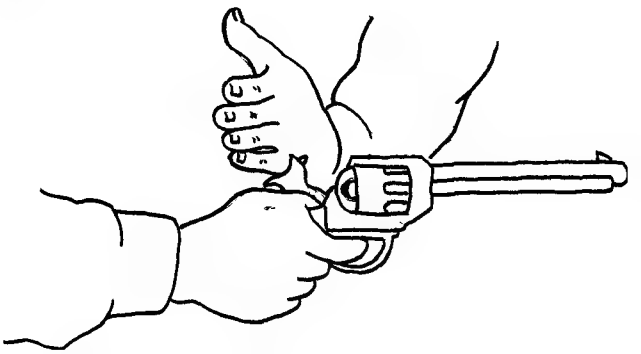
by CY MARTIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAN MOREA



In many cases the pistol was carried in the waist band.

This is the beginning of a quick-draw from the waist band.

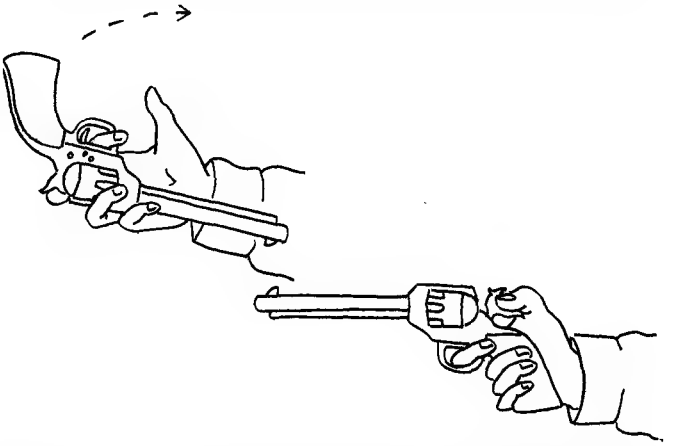


Fanning was a pistol stunt so rarely practiced in real life that some old-time Rangers and peace officers never saw it used in a fight.

The pistol is held at hip-level, the inside of the forearm jammed hard against the hip-bone for steadying. The muzzle is pointed in the general direction of the target, trigger held in firing position. Taking it for granted that the "fanner" is right-handed, the stiffly open left hand slaps the single-action hammer rapidly, cocking and firing the pistol. Fanning is the most rapid method known of spraying lead in a general direction.

Curly Bill was trying to paint the town red and Sheriff White heard of it. Going up to him, he covered him with his six-shooter and told him to give up his gun. Bill handed the gun out butt first, but kept his finger inside the guard. As the sheriff reached for it Bill gave it a twist, turned it loose, and the sheriff passed on.

The trick is simplicity itself and easy to learn and to practice. The "Road Agent's Spin" is deadly against a man



unfamiliar with it, who is expecting nothing but a pistol meekly surrendered.

The pistol is held as shown in the upper drawing. The forefinger is hooked in the trigger-guard, the butt away from you and the barrel is gripped lightly with the remaining fingers of the gun-hand. The spin is started by a slight jerk upward of the hand, accompanied by the release of the barrel. The forefinger is the pivot, and so perfectly balanced is the Colt Single Action Army (the Frontier Model) that the butt comes upward, describes a half-circle as indicated by the dotted line and arrow, and smacks into the waiting palm.

The thumb drops to the hammer, cocks it while the forefinger holds back the trigger in firing position, and Curly Bill gut shoots the sheriff.

The Gillett Belt and fittings was a hand-made affair. Chief of Police Gillett of the El Paso police is credited with its invention.

Onto a belt is riveted a plate slotted to receive the hand-made pin-headed screw which replaced the regular screw of the single action Colt.

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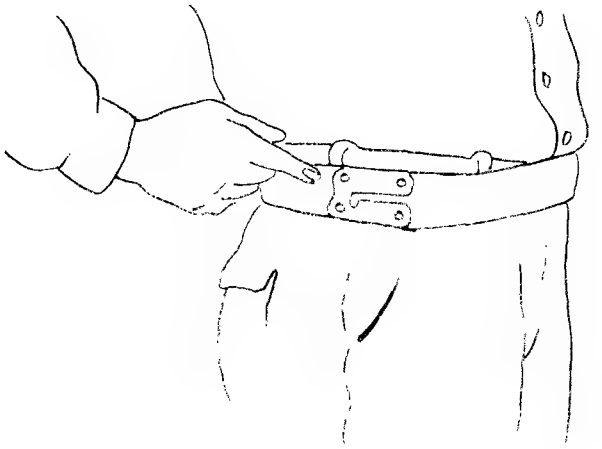
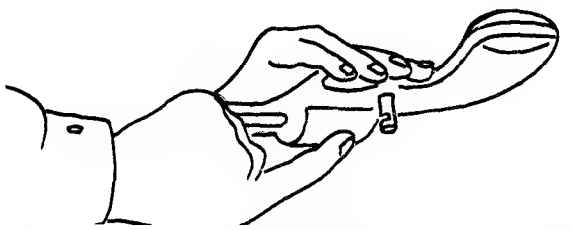
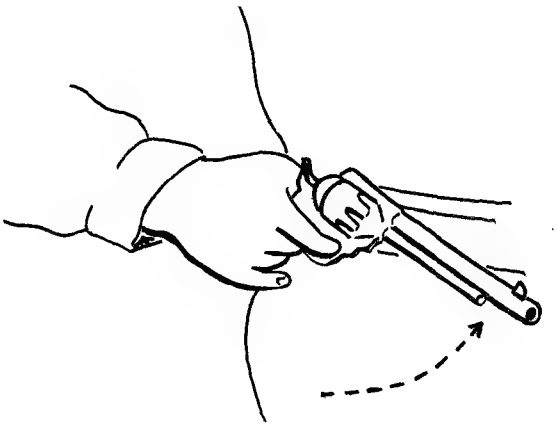
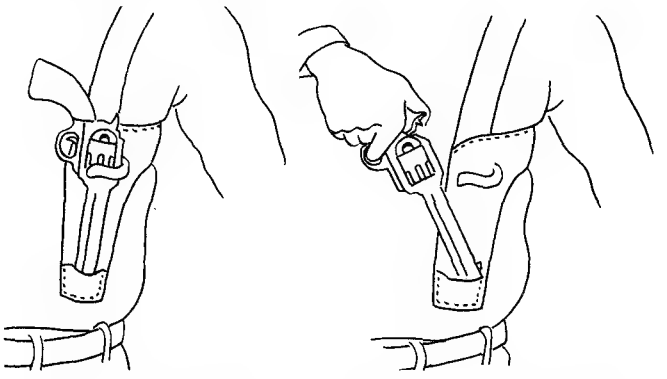




To carry the pistol, the pin is entered in the slot and the pistol pushed back until the pin drops into the slight depression at the rear end of the slot. It hangs there, swinging easily.



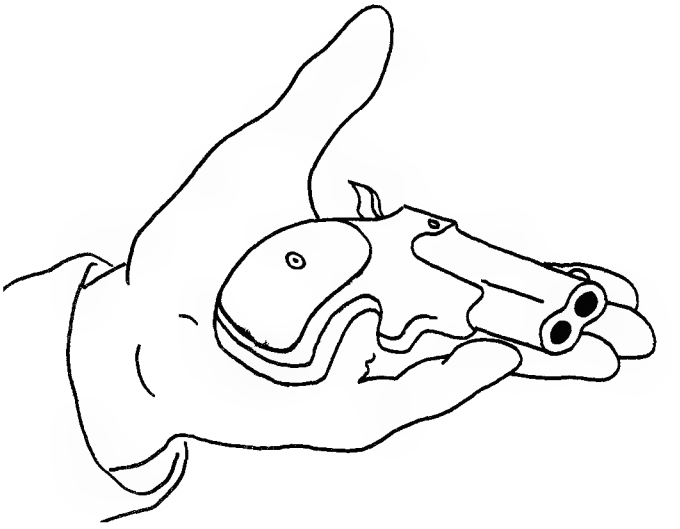
The Figure above shows the gun in position on the belt as if it were being fired.



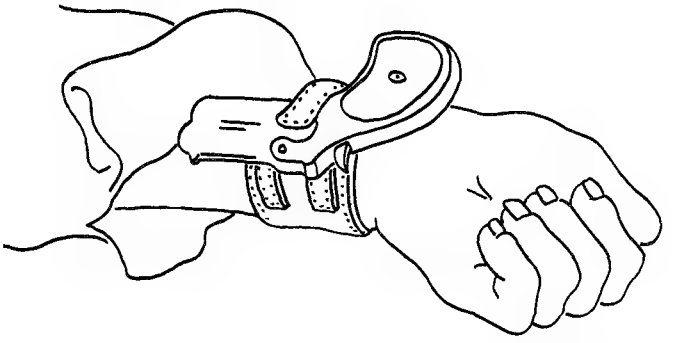
Tradition credits Ben Thompson with the invention of the shoulder-holster which is the most practical hide-out for extended use. The original shoulder-holster was merely a modified belt-holster; while this old-style holster carries the gun handily, it is by no means a fast-draw harness.

Far better is the spring shoulder-holster which is a skeleton of a shoulder-holster. On the under half is sewed a toe in which the muzzle rests, and a spring fits lightly but firmly around the cylinder.

The draw from the spring shoulder-holster is a cross-draw. The forefinger slips into the trigger-guard; the thumb pulls back the hammer as three fingers tighten on the butt and pull the pistol sidewise and out against the springs' tension.



The pet-hide-out weapon of them all was that of a wicked little gun with a big, bad bite – the .41 double barreled derringer. It was a common thing, not too long ago, to see a man reach into pants-pocket and pull out a handful of silver, some matches, a keyring, and a derringer. The soft-nosed slugs its superposed barrels flung were violent missles at seven to ten feet. This was the normal range for the gun. They were deadly -- these stubby ones -- out of all proportion to their size.



It remained for a gambler on a steamship to find the neatest derringer hide-out. Somewhere in his roving life he saw a tiny sleeve spring holster.

When strapped to the wrist, the cost sleeve hides the derringer which is at the wrist, the muzzles pointing up the arm.

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Madness Of The Transcontinental

BUILD A RAILROAD [illegible] THEY OFFERED HIM AN [illegible] LET HIM DIE IN POVERTY [illegible]

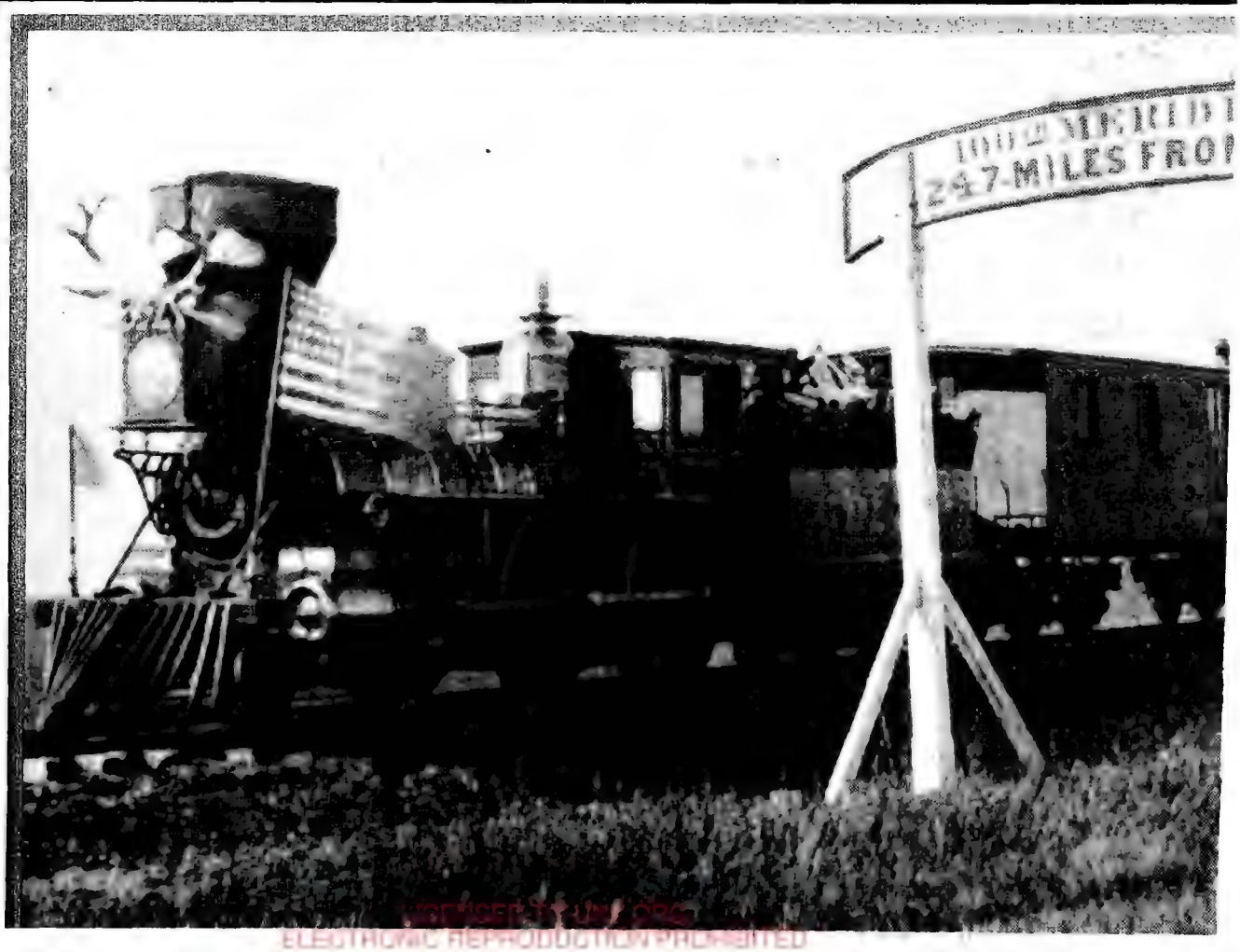
by CARL UHLARIK

It was 1863, the town was frontier Omaha and the occasion was the opening of the eastern terminus of the transcontinental railroad. In Herndon house, Omaha's most pretentious hostelry, a high-hatted eastern gentleman was hosting a group of notables who, like himself, were to take part in ground breaking ceremonies. The men were having at the dinner with both hands - prairie chicken, Nebraska trout, antelope steaks, flapjacks and syrup, hot biscuits and steaming coffee. Suddenly a storm, common to the prairie, came up with a rumbling of thunder. The building groaned in the high wind and a window near the table was shattered.

Ever the gracious host, the easterner gave a Negro waiter a dollar to stand against the window and shield his guests. Hotel Manager James T. Allan saw the incident -- the Civil War was raging -- as an affront to the Black man and used harsh words on him. "I am about his size," came the retort. "I will take his place." He spurned the offered return of the dollar and stood against the blast until the storm blew itself out.

This lofty gesture was but a small measure of George Francis Train. What followed showed that he was the kind of person who never missed an opportunity to make an issue of himself, and

Continued on page 28



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George Francis Train toured the world several times and claimed he was the subject for Jules Vern's "Around the World in 80 Days". Many people believed in him and he amassed a fortune in his lifetime -- and lost it all.

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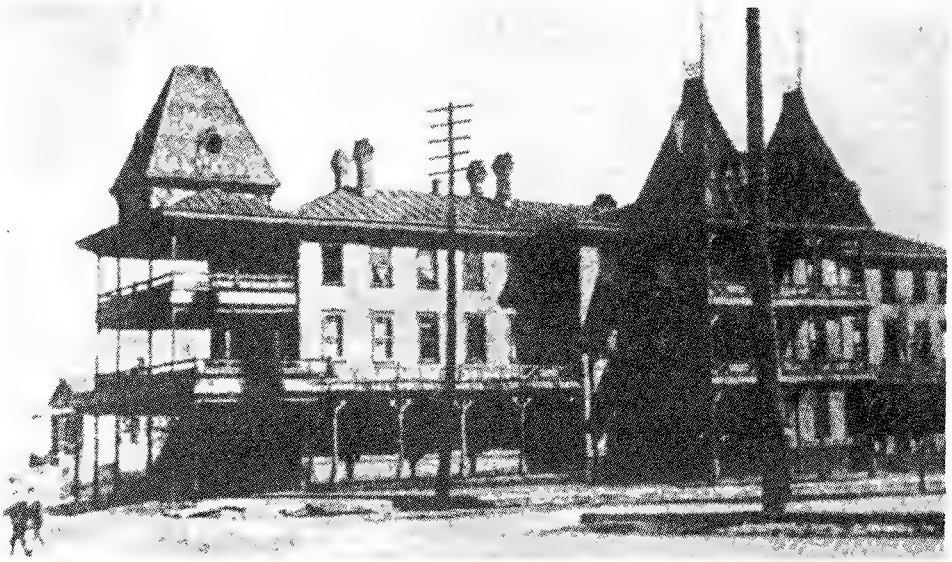
The Cozzens hotel - it was built by George Train on a whim at a cost of a thousand dollars a day. He never quibbled about money, until he ran out.



always in the grand manner. After the meal he stalked out of the hotel and, pointing to a large vacant square, asked who owned it. Told the owner's name, he sent a messenger for him and asked his price. It was $5,000, high even for those times of booming land values. Train wrote a check for the amount as if it were only money. He then asked for a builder and a man named Richmond was sent for.

"Can you build a three-story hotel in 60 days?" Train asked.

Reflectively scratching the seat of his pants, Richmond said it would be a matter of money.

"How much?"

"One thousand dollars a day."

"Done," said Train. He sketched a rough plan on the back of an envelope. "I am going to the mountains," he said. "I shall want this hotel, with 120 rooms, complete when I return in 60 days." The hotel was finished on time and named "The Cozzens" for a West Point, New York, man who leased it for $10,000 a year.

This breezy incident was so typical of Train's career that it is difficult to determine whether his version was real or fancied. Perhaps it was somewhere between, as were most of Train's incredible exploits.

Alfred Sorenson, Omaha newspaperman who knew Train well, tolerantly leaned toward equal amounts of fact and fancy. But, many of Train's contemporaries, in Omaha and elsewhere, had a less kindly evaluation of the man. They said he was not above blowing smoke up their tails. Others said he used the magnificent lie for his own aggrandizement. Many, less imaginative, shrugged him off as some kind of nut. Nevertheless, Train, for all his eccentricities and compulsion for blowing his own horn, was a very big ferment in the lusty and free-wheeling growth of the American West.

George Francis Train was born in Boston on March 2, 1829. A blizzard raged that day as if foretelling the gusty years which were to mark so much of his life.

Taken to New Orleans by his family as an infant, he was sent back to Massachusetts at the age of four by his father, Oliver Train, after the family had been all but wiped out by yellow fever.

Train spent the next ten years on

The Union Pacific employed George Francis Train as part of their drive to put a line across the continent. Along the way he bought land, opened a town in his name and met with the highest officials of the day.

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Part of Train's duties with the Union Pacific were to organize excursions to help publicize the building of the Transcontinental. Here he sits with a group that had recently seen a mock Indian raid he had arranged.

the hardscrabble farm of his maternal grandparents, the Rev. and Mrs. George Pickering, near Waltham. He was raised on proverbs and prunes, with protective aunts fluttering about. His formal education was rudimentary, gained catch-as-catch-can in winter school.

It was early in life that his faculty for associating himself with great events and noted personages manifested itself. While working in his Uncle Enoch Train's Boston shipping office, Train claimed to have rubbed elbows more or less intimately with Nathaniel Hawthorne, Ralph Waldo Emerson, President Zachary Taylor, Daniel Webster and Henry Clay.

During this period, too, Train first claimed to have had a big hand in the development of the West. As he told it, it was he who conceived the idea for the Boston clipper ships, ordering construction of the first by Donald Mackay for the cargo and passenger run to California following the 1848 discovery of gold. It gained everlasting shipping fame as the Flying Cloud.

At the age of 21, he became manager of his uncle's shipping business in Liverpool, England. And, even while attending to this exacting business, Train said he found time to improve the lives of the Englishmen who "lacked resource and suggestiveness." According to Train, he originated the idea of using a chute to unload coal from wagons; perforating sheets of postage stamps for easy tearing; adding pouring spouts to ink wells; attaching folding steps to carriages, and topping pencils with erasers.

Train returned to America in 1851 and acquired a wife, 17 year-old Wilhelmina Davis, beautiful daughter of Col. George T.M. Davis, editor of the Louisville Courier. Train returned to Liverpool with his bride. It was while they were in Liverpool that Train became enchanted with phrenology. So sure was he of his own genius that he consented to have his head examined on a public stage by a Dr. Fowler, "considered the highest authority living." Running his nimble fingers over Train's cranium, Dr. Fowler exclaimed: "Jehu, what a head!"

After showing Down Under what Young America (that's the label he assumed) was like, Train decided he'd do the same for the Orient. "I bulldozed the Mikado in Japan," he said, "Frightened out of their wits the Chinese at Hong Kong, bewildered the Malays at Singapore and ran over the Singalese in Ceylon." It was in China that he adopted the custom of shaking hands only with himself. In 1858, Train returned to England where he tried to introduce cheap public transportation in the form of horse-drawn street cars at Birkenhead. The tramway was declared a nuisance and Train was thrown into debtor's prison -- one of the 15 times he said he had been jailed without having committed a crime. It was during this period, too, that he amazed and delighted France with the spirit of Young America.

To this point, Train's career had been largely international. On his return to America, he began kicking up so much dust on the frontier that the West forever after would claim him as its own.

On July 1, 1862, Congress enacted the bill authorizing the Union Pacific Railroad to lay track from the Missouri River to meet the line to be built from Sacramento. The Act gave the Union Pacific 200 feet of right-of-way on each side of the track, granted alternate sections of public land on each side of the railroad, and provided construction subsidies ranging from $26,000 to $48,000 per mile. These juicy inducements drew financial sharpies to the cutting of a fat hog. Among them was Thomas Durant, who was named U.P. vice-president and chief executive.

Continued on page 58

Train's wife, Willy, who occasionally joined him on his farflung junkets - when she separated from him with his two children, he gave her enough money to live in wealth, even though he spent the last of his life living on $3 a day.

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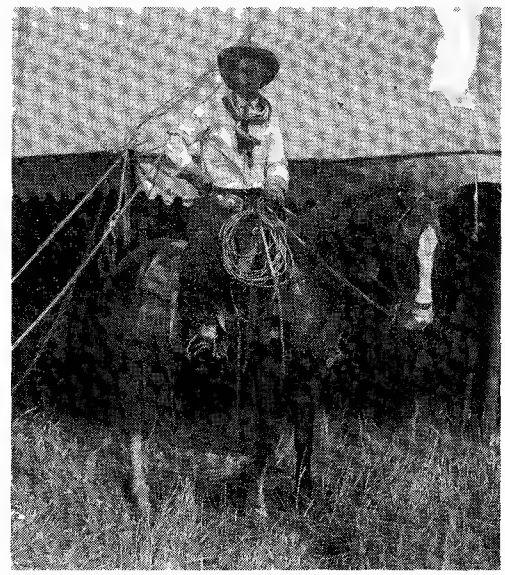
by HARRY E. WEBB



Harry E. Webb says he was "hatched out" in the coal town of New Castle, Colorado on Election Day, Nov. 6th, 1888, and until he was eight, not knowing election dates varied, always gave his birth date as "Election Day." Wanted to be a cowboy but his folks tried to dissuade him by harping on "A rolling stone gathering no moss." Harry argued that neither did a settin' hen lay eggs, and at 15 revolted at swinging a "double jack" in his old man's prospect tunnel and skipped out for Wyoming cow country. Punched cows for the M Bar Outfit, rode broncs with Buffalo Bill's Show, trapped predators for U.S. Government for eight years and had his own four thousand acre cow layout near Elko, Nev. Now just rides memory's trails writing of the West as he knew it.

Photos courtesy of author

"SHERIFFS I'VE COME UP AGAINST"

HARRY WEBB CROSSED HORNS WITH THE WILDEST OF THEM—HERE HE TELLS OF THE LAWMAN THAT WENT THE WRONG WAY TO CATCH A PAIR OF RUSTLERS

Of all the Sheriffs I have known Sheriff Russ Hoop of Sheridan, Wyoming, is as clearly limned in my memory as a hilltop privy in a midnight lightning storm. Folks around Sheridan said it was a travesty on intelligence when Russ nosed out Sheriff R.B. Beneffel in the November, 1910, election. Later on I couldn't agree with them less.

My one and only contact with Sheriff Hoop was one evening and night around the last of November, 1914. I had just returned from a Wild West Show and Bill Griffith and I were breaking and riding out "War" horses for Bentley and Cooley of Sheridan. They had leased the "Wrench" ranch, a multi-thousand acre layout just west of town where Bill and I lived.

One evening Bill was out of Bull Durham so we rode into town just before sundown. Tying our mounts at a hitchrack out in a sort of "Village Square" with my fifty foot rawhide riata, we went over to the main street.

We were gone perhaps thirty minutes and when we returned to the hitchrack, no horses. Someone had started to coil up the riata then dropped it. Thinking some of our cowboy friends were playing a joke on us we went looking around the street. But, I wondered, why would they leave my rope for someone to come by and take?

Not seeing our mounts being ridden around by jokesters we hurried to the City Hall, which was only twenty yards from the hitchrack.

"Sure," the Police Chief told us, "I saw two fellows ride your horses right by this window just a while ago. In fact, I was looking out at them at the hitchrack as McPherson was walking across the lot." McPherson was the night cop. "After they had gone by it came to me that they were two fellows we sent to the pen a year ago for horsestealing. They're out on parole." The Chief mopped his brow. "Damned if this isn't something! But there's nothing I can do. The City line is right up the hill, there, so you better run and hunt up Sheriff Hoop. Those fellows haven't much of a start and you can catch them before dark."

Hurrying over town, in and out of saloons, we were told, "Yeh, he was here a while ago, but..." Bill and I would run to the next saloon and there were eight or nine in the two blocks. Sliding across the floor we found Hoop and his Deputy playing pool. Breathlessly spilling our story and telling him the fellows were headed down the "Prairie Dog" road didn't seem to concern him in the least.

Sheriff "Russ" Hoop was a tubby, gimlet-eyed individual and would bounce a steelyard beam at two hundred and seventy-five pounds. As he twisted chalf on the end of his cue he eyed us from under the slouch-brim of his big hat. "What sort of horses, yuh say?"

"One white, one chestnut sorrel," I said, trying to hurry him.

"Side pocket, Dave." He was taking a long, careful aim when he asked, "Who'd yuh say th' hosses belong to?"

"Bentley and Cooley," Bill said. "If you get right out you can overtake them before they can get away."

Hoop ran down three balls and leisurely hung up his cue. "You take that feller, Dave," indicating Bill, "An' head for "Wolf Creek." But don't go no further'n the mountain. I'll take this other one an' scout th' Tongue River. Let's go."

"But," I said, exasperated over all the delay, "they didn't go either of those directions. They went--"

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"What you think," Hoop said, "they'll head fer th' Prairie Dog an' double back. Yuh allus want t' figure now, if I was a hoss thief, what would I do? But they're slick. Been three hosses stolen right from under our nose this summer an' we ain't seen hide nor hair of 'em since. Sure, Dave an' me knows them fellers that got your hosses. One tall feller an' th' other one has a club foot. Tell Cholly t' git my car, Dave, an' you two get goin'."

After separating, Sheriff Hoop entered a saloon. "Let's have my shootin' iron, Jim" he ordered. "We got t' chase some hoss thieves. An' while yer about it how about somethin' t' stave off th' cold?" The bartender laid the Sheriff's gun and ponderous cartridge belt on the bar. Then he handed up a pint flash of whiskey.

At the next saloon Hoop said, "We're on th' trail of some hoss thieves t' night, Pete, so a little donation should be in order." The bartender said, "Sure shootin', Russ," and handed Hoop another pint. "Better fortify yourselves," he added and set two glasses and a quart bottle on the bar. Though "Time was of the essence," Hoop leisurely disposed of two rim-full shots. Then he backed off and surveyed my middle. "Hell's fire, feller," he blustered, as if it was of prime importance, "You ain't heeled! We got t' hustle yuh some sort of a shootin' iron. Got somethin' around here, Pete?"

"Got this," Pete said, hauling a German Luger from beneath the bar. "You're welcome to this if you know how to operate it." I knew how to "operate" it, and after several maddening minutes of conversation with "Pete" we were ready. Outside, "Cholly" (Charlie) sat in the driver's side of a monster "Cole Eight." The top was folded down so I tossed my riata between the seats and got in the rear seat. To my surprise Hoop sat down beside me.

"Alright, Cholly," Hoop yelled, (Cholly was all but deaf as a post) "Tromp on 'er. Speed limit's off!"

At last we were getting some action and had it not been for the fact that we were headed the opposite direction from that of the horse thieves I would have breathed a sigh of relief. Argument did no good and the farther we sped down the Tongue River the more worried I became. My saddle was a "Show Saddle." Besides the silver cupped over each fork-swell there was also a Sterling Silver double escutcheon that all but covered the back of the cantle. But with the sort of sheriffing Russ Hoop exhibited I could kiss my rig good-bye!

As we roared on through the night Hoop, between drinks, regaled me with an experience he had with a robber one hot day that August. "I was goin' along th' sidewalk in front o' th' Golden Rule store," he explained, "when a clerk comes out yelling "I'm robbed! I'm robbed!" Hoop paused for a drink. "He went out th' back door with th' store's money, he yells. Well, sir, I foggs that varmint all across town, then clear down t' th' railroad tracks, where he headed west.

"If I'd had my shootin' tools I could o' cut him down, but I didn't so it was a case of outrun him.
"Finally did, though, an' up there I keelhauled him in less'n a quarter mile, but--"

The tail lights of an automobile loomed ahead and Hoop leaned over and yelled in Charley's ear. "Ram 'er down, Cholly! I want t' see what they're up to this time o' night."

The big car picked up speed and as we rounded turns Hoop would roll first against the door then on me. But the car ahead also had speeded up and in several miles we gained but little. We had long since left the twisting Tongue River and were on level land deep inside the Crow Indian Reservation.

We were perhaps two hundred yards behind the auto, that was leaving a trail of dust behind, when Hoop managed to drag out his long barreled .45. Leaning over the seat he shouted, "Steady 'er, Cholly, I'm gonta bust a few caps at whoever that is!" With his left hand clutching my shoulder he stood up so as to shoot over the windshielf. As he weaved about I

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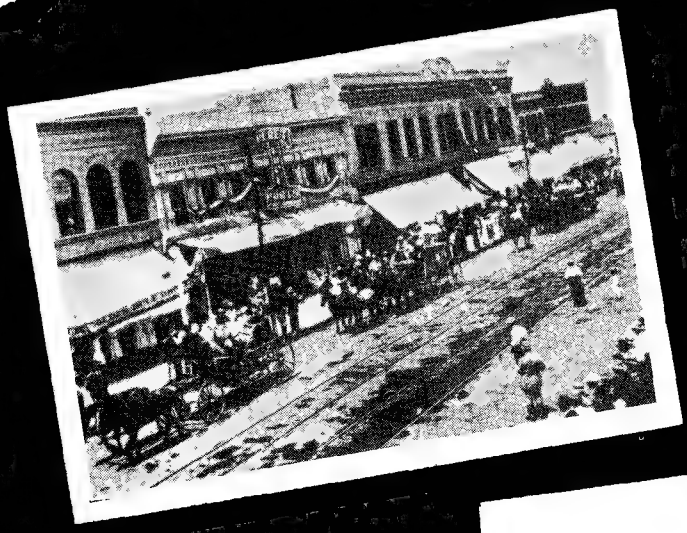

Golden Rule Store (extreme left) in Sheridan, Wyo. from which portly sheriff Russ Hoop claimed he captured a robber by chasing him a mile. Below, Webb (on bucking bronc) and Bill Griffith on horses that a week later were stolen from hitch rack.

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THE WESTERN ART OF LLOYD MITCHELL

FROM COWBOY'N TO SKETCHING SKINNY SALOONS

Lloyd Mitchell was destined to become a cowboy, but he kept getting a lead pencil and sketch pad in the way. He learned to ride when he was still too young to reach the saddle (he recalls mounting a horse by standing on the tongue of a wagon). His dad was a horse trainer in Van Buren Arkansas when Lloyd was born back in 1909 and for many years he tried to stick close to his dad's profession. He worked on a spread in Goshin, Wyoming and later on the Sherman Ranch in western Kansas. But he had a habit of finding himself drawing steers rather than branding them. As he puts it, "I had a natural talent that made me grab a pencil and draw on anything I could find. I was always drawing cowboys and Indians."

At one time Lloyd decided that maybe his artistic bent should be followed, so he came out to Hollywood to be an actor (He couldn't believe he was ever going to be 'just' an artist). He was in a couple of movies and worked with Bob Steel in "The Nevada Kid", but it didn't pan out. His comment was, "I never was much interested in acting, I was always drifting away to draw."

In the Second World War Lloyd did a stint with the Navy, then went into

"THE BLUE PALACE"

"THE HUNTER"

"A NEW MOUNT"

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"THE STRAY"

Lloyd Mitchell (above, left) with Bob Steele with whom he played in the old time cowboy epic, "The Nevada Kid". "CALL OF THE CANYON" at right.

business as a liquor salesmen. "I tried it for a while, but having a little Cherokee blood in me I found that fire water and oil paint didn't mix, so I gave up the fire water." He enrolled at Chouinards for evening classes and settled down to being "Just an artist". Mitchell studied with three portrait painters: Henry Goode, Will Foster and Ejnar Hansen. And he painted seriously giving up his retail business in 1954 to paint full time.

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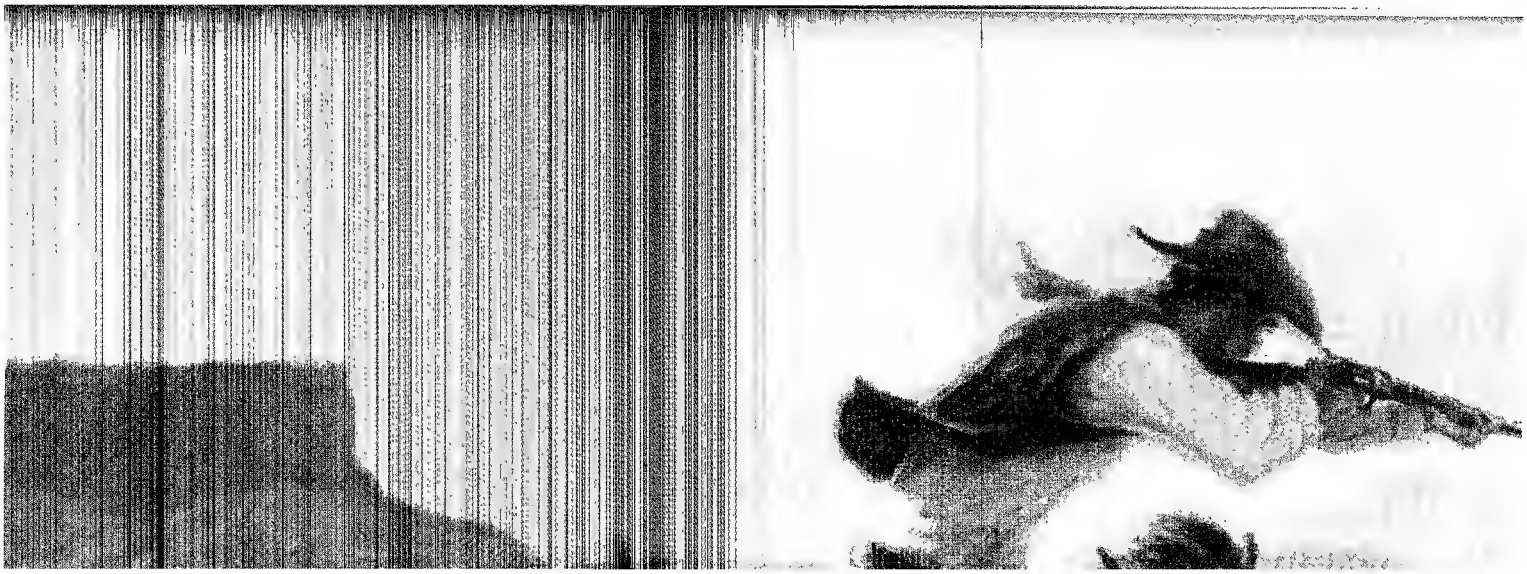

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'WANTED'' by LLOYD MITCHELL

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The Rawhide Men

by SAM LINDMAN

THEY BUILT A BOOM TOWN ON GRAVEL AND SAND—WATCHED IT DISSOLVE INTO HISTORY

Mining camps were built with a lot of blood, sweat and tears, but in the case of Rawhide, Nevada there is a colorful collection of humor and fun mixed in with the history of her rich strikes and destructive fire.

When R.W. Thaler (The Gumshoe Kid) hit Rawhide, speculation in real estate during the boom was as wild as that in mining claims. The Rawhide Townsite Company had platted the town and controlled nearly all lots, some of which were selling at $10,000 each.

A piece of land at the foot of Burns Hill was not included in the townsite, and the owners told prospectors and new arrivals to put up their tents. Thaler and his partner claimed half a dozen of the lots and quite a colony sprang up in the area.

According to Thaler, a group of Reno Sharpshooters calling themselves the Townsite Reality and Brokerage Company, seeing a chance to make a fast dollar, started putting up tents and selling out. They notified all the squatters to get off the land -- "and we told them to go to hell," he continued. "we had tents up and we had a bed in each, and that was considered enough to hold the ground."

One of Thaler's tents was occupied by an old miner friend of his who had been sick. When the old fellow was away the realty company tore it down and threw it out in the street and erected a new 12 x 14 tent of their own on the lot.

Thaler had been at Tex Richard's saloon and after a friend of his told him what had happened the Gumshoe Kid removed the new tent and...even though it was dark...hauled it up to the top of Burns Hill and tossed it into a prospect hole. Putting his own tent back up, Thaler noticed that his only witness to the action was the undertaker, Cavanaugh, who lived across the street.

Next morning the real estate agents swore out a warrant for the old man for stealing the tent. Rawhide's deputy sheriff, Tom Collum took the poor old fellow, who was as honest as the day is long, off to jail. The old timer kept saying he didn't know about any tent but nobody would pay any attention to him.

Hurrying down to the jail, Thaler bailed him out. The old fellow said

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"Gumshoe, I didn't steal that tent. You don't believe I stole it, do you?" "Karns" said Gumshoe, "I know you didn't do it, and I'm going to hire a lawyer for you and prove it."

The law firm of Rattlesnake Shorty and Judge Crumb were engaged to defend the old man. Thaler found that putting up the five dollar retaining fee was a mistake for when court opened the next morning the law firm was dead drunk and asleep on the roof of Tex Rickard's wine cellar.

Legal aid was finally supplied by an attorney who was in court on another case.

Describing the man he had seen taking away the tent, the undertaker was the chief witness and he swore it wasn't the old man. Thaler was a character witness for Karns. "I assured the court that I was positive as ever I was of anything in my life that Karns hadn't taken that tent," added Gumshoe.

Rawhide's mad beginning was due to a promoter named Tex Rickard who hung a sign on a Goldfield church - it read, "This church is closed. God has gone to Rawhide." So did hundreds of prospectors. It was back of Burns Hill, center of photo, (below) that the Gumshoe Kid tossed the "disappearing" tent in one of Rawhide's wilder moments.

Jude Armstrong found the old miner not guilty and asked Gumshoe to stay after the session. "Gumshoe, where did you hide that tent you stole?"

"What tent?" said Gumshoe.

"Now I don't know how that real estate outfit figured the old man took the tent," continued the Judge, "But everyone in town who heard the evidence knew you were guilty." "Now where's the tent?"

Thaler told him what he had done with it and the Judge asked if there were any identifying marks on it. "No," said Thaler. "Well," said the Judge, "I'm grubstaking a fellow and I

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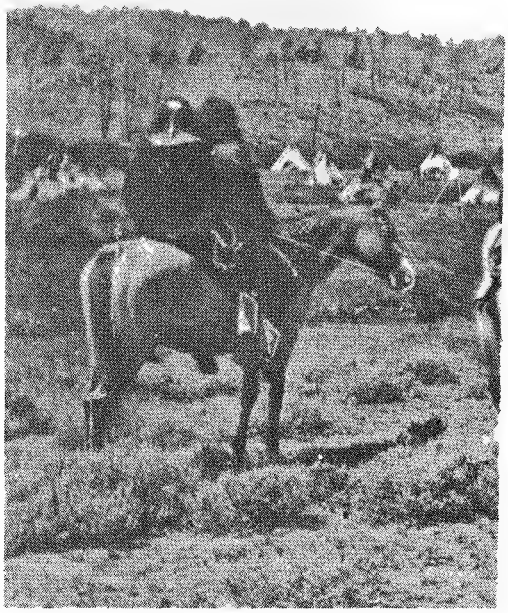
BUFFALO HORN'S WAR AGAINST IDAHO



TO SAVE THE CAMAS ROOT, HE VOWED TO CLEAR THE PRAIRIE OF ALL WHITE MEN

by MAURICE KILDARE

When Chief Buffalo Horn took his Bannocks from Fort Hall to the Camas Prairies in May, 1878, he found them overrun by white men.

The camas root was the source of the Idaho Indians staple food supply. The grounds there had been used by them for untold centuries and their claim recognized by treaties with the U.S. government.

The Lemhi Indians arriving there before the Bannocks told Buffalo Horn sadly, "The livestock of the white man have almost destroyed the camas. You won't find enough to eat."

When the prairies were inspected Buffalo Horn discovered that the camas had been alarmingly depleted. White men had brought in herds of cattle, horses and hundreds of hogs. The latter animals incensed him most for they rooted up the camas in great patches.

Riding to several camps he told the white men that the prairies belonged to his people and that all livestock must be removed immediately.

Generally the white stock owners agreed to this. One camp, running 2,500 head of cattle and 180 horses, prepared to drift on out of the

Silver City sent a tiny volunteer group out to attack the Bannock's. One of its scouts managed to knock Buffalo Horn off his horse with a lucky shot that proved to be the turning point in the war.

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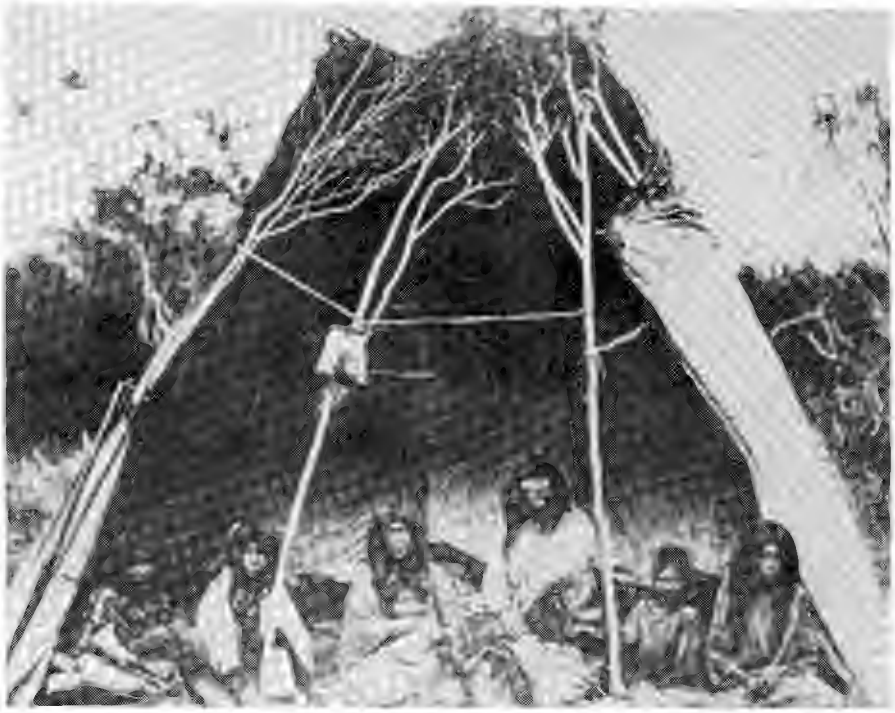
Photo courtesy of The Smithsonian Institution

The Camas root was the source of food to the Bannocks (right) and when the white-man's cattle and hogs destroyed it the Indians fought back savegely. They enlisted the aide of the Shoshoni (above) and the dread Paiutes in their war.



prairies. Before they could get started a few of the wilder and uncontrollable young warriors among the Bannocks struck, murdering several white men.

One called "Joe" and a friend went to the camp of Lou Kensler, William Silvey and George Nezby. Carrying a new buffalo robe to trick them with, they offered to sell it.

While the white man examined it interestedly the two Indians sneaked their pistols into firing position and blasted away. Their wild shots merely wounded Kensler and Nezby. During that few seconds of shooting Silvey ran away.

When the two would-be assassins took after him the wounded men contrived their escape.

The same day two cattle herders were killed, their bodies mutilated and their horses and saddles taken.

That night a courier, James Dempsey an old mountain man married to a Bannock squaw, reached Boise. He told Territorial Governor Mason Brayman that the Bannock had long planned a general war. To this end they had persuaded Indians in Oregon, Washington, northern Nevada and Montana to join them. Only a few weeks before the governor had given Buffalo Horn cartridges and powder for an alleged buffalo hunt.

The Bannock went into council and those opposed to war against white men, quickly returned to Fort Hall. So did the Lemhi, to get out of the warriors way.

Buffalo Horn took 200 warriors, while the families returned south to the vicinity of Fort Hall, and wiped out a few camps of white stockmen. In particular they shot all the hogs they could find. He then struck off southwest for the Snake River.

Previous to outbreak of the Bannock war two freighters, Orson James and Robert Boyd, while passing the Fort Hall agency were shot from ambush and seriously wounded.

One of the guilty Indians was arrested November 23, 1877, by officers of Indian Agent W.H. Danilson at the trading post. A large number of angry Bannocks gathered around quickly. One of them fired indiscriminately into the post and killed

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The three kept under arrest were in some way implicated in the shooting of James and Boyd. They were subsequently tried, found guilty and sent to Omaha Barracks in Nebraska to serve their sentences. On being convicted Tambiago was ordered hanged at Fort Hall.

Before executed he was asked if the Bannocks were going to war. His reply was that they had been plotting to exterminate the whites from their ancestral lands since early in 1877.

Actually these isolated incidents meant that a war was already going on. Tambiago's hanging and imprisonment of his father and brothers were only a few reasons why the Bannocks decided on a general war. Buffalo Horn who really wanted peace was prevailed upon to lead the warriors as he was a master guerrilla strategist.

Commented the Boise *Idaho Statesman* on his worth as a scout for General O.O. Howard in the Nez Perce war, "Whatever the shortcomings of other Indian scouts, Buffalo Horn always stood bravely and faithfully to his duty and never failed to give perfect satisfaction."

Buffalo Horn had been one of the few scouts without compare. On July 29, 1877, General Howard had serious trouble with his Indian scouts. They refused to travel further without resting, in an emergency. Buffalo Horn persuaded two other Indians to

The Bannock Indians were generally peaceful, but in battle they were known to be fiercer warriors than the Sioux. They lost a great advantage when they argued with Chief Winnemucca (below, with family) and his 450 warriors who had come to join them. Winnemucca didn't join, went away mad.

Alexander Rhoden. This came as a blow because Rhoden was the man who took cattle into the reservation to ration beef to the Bannocks.

The next morning Captain A.H. Bainbridge arrived from Fort Hall with fifteen soldiers, demanding the guilty Indian. He had been identified as Tambiago. This the Bannocks refused to do, under the pretext that they couldn't find him.

Then in January, 1878, Captain Bainbridge personally arrested a suspicious Indian hanging around Taylor's Bridge on the Snake. He was quickly identified as Tambiago and sent to Malad City to be tried for murder.

The Bannocks began small raids against white settlements in Idaho. This resulted in three companies of cavalry being transferred to the Bannock Agency on January 15.

General John E. Smith directed the troops to surround a Bannock camp. At the 33 lodges taken, 53 warriors, 32 guns, 400 horses and 205 women and children were captured. The prisoners were removed to Fort Hall. All but Tambiago's father and two brothers were released.

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Colonel Nelson A. Miles (far left, later general) was under orders from General O. O. Howard to end the Bannock War. He took his job so seriously that he engineered the massacre of 300 Indians including women and children near Clark's Ford, Montana.

accompany him scouting ahead of fast moving troops.

In many other ways he won the utmost approval of the army as a dependable scout. What the *Idaho Statesman* overlooked was that his service with the army fitted him with knowledge of its Indian fighting strategy. Equipped with this he would have been a formidable opponent, but he didn't live that long.

Indian agents in Oregon, Washington and northern Nevada knew tribes under their jurisdiction were joining the Bannocks. Notified, the army mobilized troops all around the great region of the break-out.

Meanwhile Buffalo Horn made camp in the Juniper Mountains where a heavy contingent of Piutes from Nevada, and Shoshones from the north augmented his forces. They then feinted towards Salmon River.

While other tribes were gathering warriors to send him, the country was raided through which he passed. At King Hill Station on the Overland road nine people were killed. All the buildings were stripped of valuables before being burned to the ground.

Moving quickly, he went on five miles to Glenn's Ferry, killed five white men and again applied the torch. Swinging onto the lower Snake five men were found and tortured to death unspeakably during an entire night.

Still riding fast they entered Bruneau Valley, committing more cruel depredations. His strung out column of warriors was seen by settlers driving 600 head of stolen horses.

Buffalo Horn was turning again, for the Juniper Mountains and Duck Valley.

With the beginning of the Bannock outbreak Captain R.F. Bernard with sixty troopers and civilian scouts left Fort Boise May 30, for Camas Prairies. Other units of cavalry and infantry were to follow him. After them came units of territorial militia.

Before reaching Camas Prairies Captain Bernard received the information that Buffalo Horn had departed from there. Turning back, he found his trail and followed it over Snake River on June 5.

Continuing pursuit, he entered Bruneau Valley only to find many abandoned camp sites. On June 8 his scouts located Buffalo Horn's main camp in very rough terrane. While he moved forth to engage them a volunteer group of Idaho militia cut in ahead.

Captain J.B. Harper led twenty-six men from Silver City towards the encampment. Enroute he encountered sixty Bannocks, Shoshones and Paiutes, six miles from South Mountain.

In a short but important fight two white men were killed and some twenty-odd Indians. One of them was Buffalo Horn.

The advance scout was Paiute Joe leading five other Indian scouts. The Indians came up suddenly and unexpectedly over a rise before them. Sight of so many scared the other scouts and they fled, leaving Joe alone.

In another instant he figured that he would be a dead man. So he would take some of them with him. Charging directly he reined to a halt suddenly and jumped off his horse.

Keeping the animal between him and the Indians he laid his rifle over the saddle for sure aim. They were then charging him in a gallop. Having time only for one good shot he aimed at the warrior leading, not knowing that it was no less than Buffalo Horn.

The single bullet knocked him spinning from the saddle whereupon the others wheeled around and ran away. They figured as he did that Buffalo Horn had been killed instantly. Joe got out of there in a hurry himself.

The delay gave Captain Harper time to form pursuit and they took after the Indians. Cornering them a mile farther on, the fight lasted an hour before broken off, the Indians scattering in flight.

Later the Bannocks returned to the field and finding Buffalo Horn still alive, transported him to rendezvous with Paiutes at Juniper Lake (in the Juniper Mountains) west of Steins Mountain. Four days later the gallant Buffalo Horn died.

Chief Winnemucca had come in with 450 warriors. But after harangued by the Bannocks he refused to join their war. However, his sub-chiefs,

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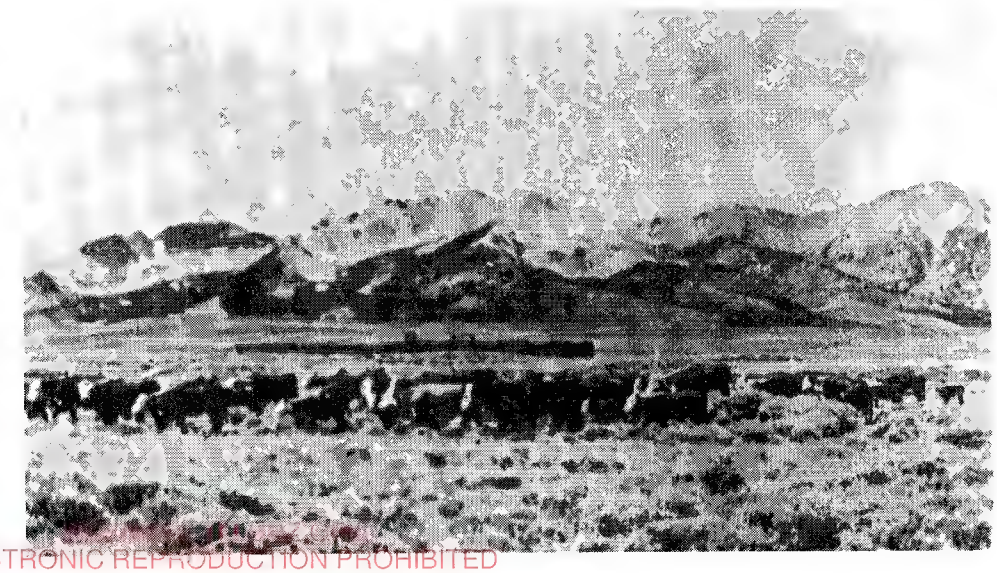

When the Indians complained to the ranchers that the cattle were destroying the Camas root, the ranchers agreed to move their steers. Before this could be done a few young warriors murdered several white men and the war across Idaho was started.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Those Damn Texas Longhorns!

THEY WERE AS TOUGH AND MEAN A BEAST AS ANY COWBOY EVER WORKED – TODAY THEY'RE FADING FAST IN AN AGE THAT'S GOT NO ROOM FOR 8-FOOT PRODS

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by ART FEE

No one knows who first put a brand on a longhorn, but he must have had a lot more spunk than brains. A Longhorn is tough and single-minded by nature and just not the sort to let a cowboy ride up and throw a rope on him, not without doing his best to make that cowpoke think he had tangled with an old steam-belly locomotive. The first American settlers in Texas, where these old wide-eyed beasts had roamed at will and multiplied since gaining their freedom from the early Spaniards, stayed clear of them. A few brought in domestic cattle from the east to raise, but this proved to be a disaster for the weaker herefords quickly fell prey to the wolves, severe climate and poor grazing of the open range.

But there was a demand for beef in the west. Some enterprising wanderer with a saddle and horse from Missouri or maybe Louisiana probably noticed that a three year old steer could bring up to ten dollars, that in an age when a dollar a day was considered a fair wage. And that there were thousands of longhorns (actually more than six million!) running wild in Texas. That's a lot of incentive even to a man who wouldn't normally think of calling himself brave.

100 years ago there were more than six million longhorns in Texas alone, today there are just a few hundred across the U.S. and these are around only because Congress appropriated money to preserve the breed. They're handled gentle now but when they ruled the range, they were known as the most terrifying of cattle.

Photo courtesy of U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service

The longhorns had other ideas, though. These animals who could, "...walk the roughest ground, cross the widest rivers, fight off the fiercest bands of wolves, endure hunger, cold, thirst and punishment as few beasts of the earth have ever shown themselves capable of enduring." as Frank Dobie, a man who made a lifetime study of the breed described them, didn't meekly give in. They fought hard with horn, hoof and teeth.

In many cases the longhorn who was finally brought down was too near being dead to be of use. They treated man as a danger, like a wolf, and acted accordingly. Only when the cowboy had learned to drive them away from water and starve them for days was he able to make them at least manageable.

But it wasn't as a supply of beef that made the longhorn outstanding - in fact that was their weakest point. What was unusual, even terrifying, was that they acted like no other kind of cattle.

Continued on next page

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The Longhorns acted far more like wild animals than domestic, they were constantly sniffing the air and looking for danger. They were fast and it took a good horse to catch one; about the only animal that could outswim them was a seal. They were known to have crossed lakes twelve miles wide.

The old slogan "Quick as a cat" didn't go in Longhorn country. Any man who knows this breed will vouch, that there is nothing that lives, that can move as fast as a longhorn bull. They are afraid of nothing and are the only animal known capable of destroying the vicious grizzly bear. In their wild days they often came out of the fray with their front quarters badly scarred and covered with blood; but usually their opponent was found lying still in a pool of blood surrounded by his own entrails. These bulls were large -- often they weighed over a ton. Unlike the bull elk they did not have a harem of cows, and as a result there was no fighting to see who was master of a particular group, but when they did fight it was a battle of royal and all the instruments in an orchestra couldn't reproduce the sounds they created.

The Longhorn cows were superb mothers. No animals were more highly organized than these mammys. A range cow will graze three miles from water -- four at the most, but Longhorns often grazed 12 to 15 miles from a water hole. To do this they left their calves with another cow or large steer. Often eight or ten calves would be found lying in the dun colored grass guarded by a single steer while their mothers made their long trek to water. If a cow ever needed protection for her calf or herself all she needed to do was to let out a certain bawl and all the adult animals in range of her call would dash to her assistance. Often more than a hundred would come each hoping to get his horns into the intruder. The wolves got very few calves as a cow would let out a distress bawl if she even smelled a wolf.

Photo courtesy of National Archives

The average longhorn spread was under four feet, but six feet was not uncommon and the longest ever recorded was on the steer "Champion" at the turn of the century - 8 feet, 7-3/4 inches! Indians, such as the Apache, eventually developed their own herds.

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The longhorns were noted for their acute sense of smell and the quick way they recognized danger. On the long drives north they could travel on hot days because their horns kept them a good walking disttance apart and air could circulate around keeping them cooler. They could feed themselves by eating Spanish daggers and prickly pears for water and by munching on clumps of mesquite for food.

These animals would exist where no other breed could survive. They would increase in regions where they were surrounded by large lobo wolves. (Herefords and Angus in the same area would have to be protected to maintain an existence.) The Longhorns could survive without medical attention in fly and screw worm infested areas where domestic cattle would become extinct. One reason was they were very clean. With their long tongues and nimble tails they were able to keep flies off their entire body. Tuberculosis was unknown among them and seldom was one ever seen with lump jaw.

Beginning with Columbus every Spanish explorer that came to America brought cattle with them to maintain their expeditions. These Spanish cattle were the long sharp horned breed raised by the Moores and Andrulusians for hundreds of years. They were fierce crafty breeds that could take care of themselves and adapt to any climate. When these adventurers returned to Spain they abandoned their stock; from these and the few that survived when the early Spanish settlements were massacred -- came these famous breeds that increased to tens of millions.

These were the thriftiest cattle known. They could exist in real dry spells without any water by eating Spanish daggers and Prickly pear. In regions where there was no grass they ate brouse like a deer. Often they looked like a dry cow hide pulled over a rack of bones. On the long drives north they furnished their own transportation, rustled their own food, and gained weight on the trip. In heat or cold, wet or dry these animals could adjust to any climate.

The most kingly crowns ever grown on the open range graced the heads of the Longhorned steers. The famous steer Champion that appeared at many fairs at the turn of the century had a horn spread of 8 feet 7-7/8 inches. The longest set in the Buckhorn Curio Shop in San Antonio, Texas, measures 8 feet 1-3/4 inches. This is probably the longest spread in existence today

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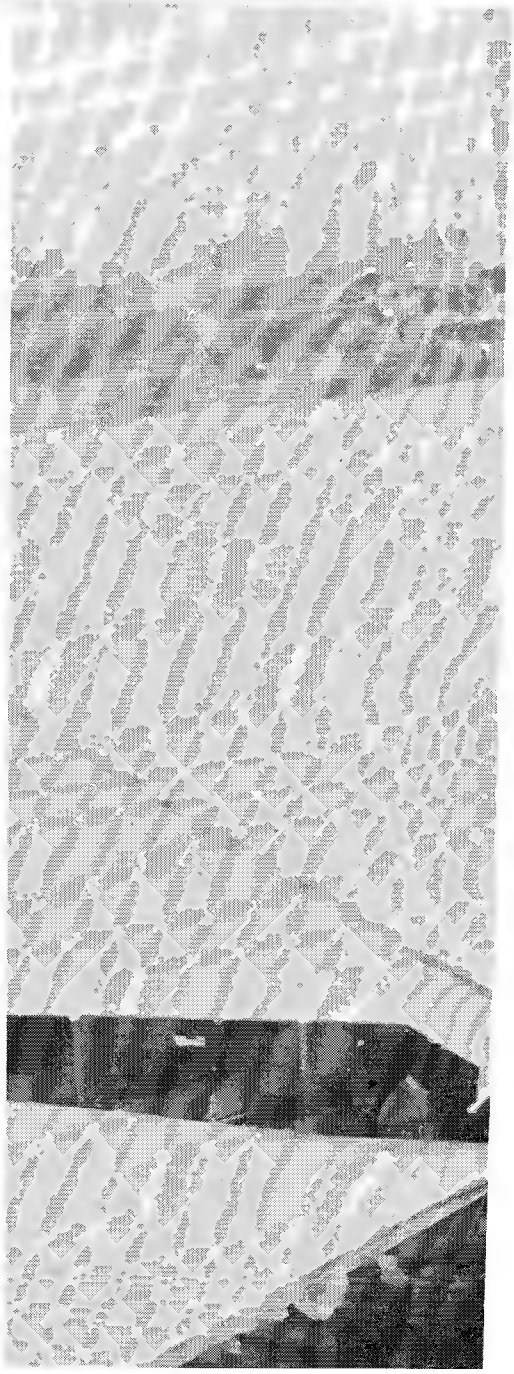
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WILD, O.K. LAND LOTTERY

AFTER THE DISASTROUS OKLAHOMA LAND RUSH THEY USED A GAME-OF-CHANCE TO SPLIT UP THE REMAINING ACRES AND IT WORKED FINE— FOR THE LUCKY WINNERS

They came from all over to register for the great drawing, 165,000 of them and they set up their own tent cities to await the call of the winners' names. By the terms of this contest, created by Congressman Dennis Flynn (right) there would be no "sooners" or claim jumpers as in the O.K. Land rush. But there would be more than 150,000 losers.



by JOHN DUNN

The stakes were high: 2,080,000 acres of virgin soil easily worth by today's values in excess of $400,000,000. The players: 165,000 men and women from every state of the Union who came in person to test their luck. The odds: only 13,000 of the players or approximately 1 out of 13 could win the coveted 160 acres for a homestead. The event: The Great Lottery of 1901 which opened the last great mass of Indian lands in Oklahoma.

This great hunk of land about the size of the State of Connecticut was tucked away in the southwest part of today's state of Oklahoma. This was the home of the war-like Kiowas, the fierce Comanches, the wild Apaches and the lesser known Wichitas

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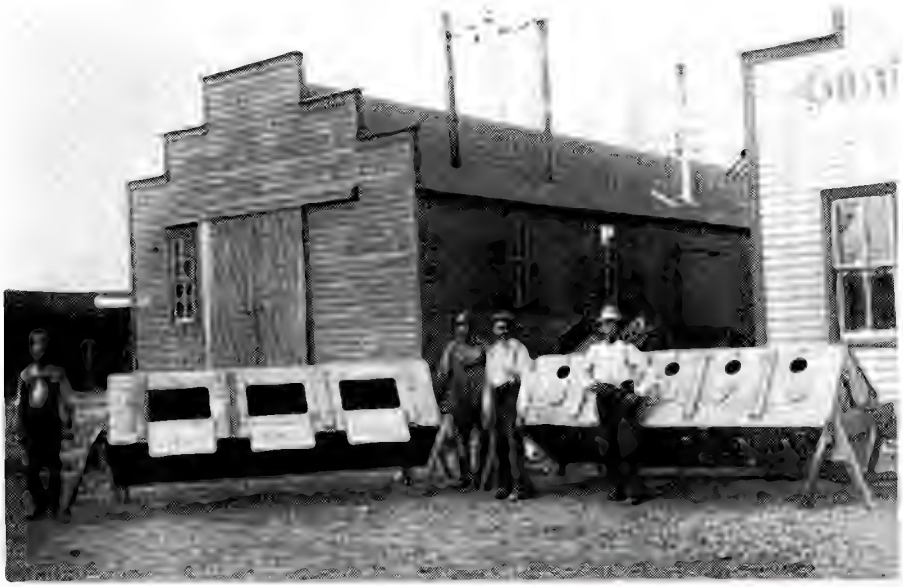
Thousands of hopefuls gathered outside the drawing booth that July 29th when it was possible to get 160 acres free, if your name was picked.



The actual boxes from which the lucky winners were picked. One box was for the south district, the other for the north.

and Caddos. For more than half a century, they had roamed the length and breadth of this territory. Sitting in their midst like an oasis was Ft. Sill, established in 1869 to keep the peace.

As early as 1891, the Wichitas and Caddos had agreed to cede their land and receive allotments. A similar agreement had been reached in 1892 with the Kiowas, Comanches and Apaches. But wealthy cattlemen, who annually leased thousands of acres from these tribes, had succeeded in blocking the realization of these moves. But a young congressional delegate from the Territory of Oklahoma, Dennis Flynn

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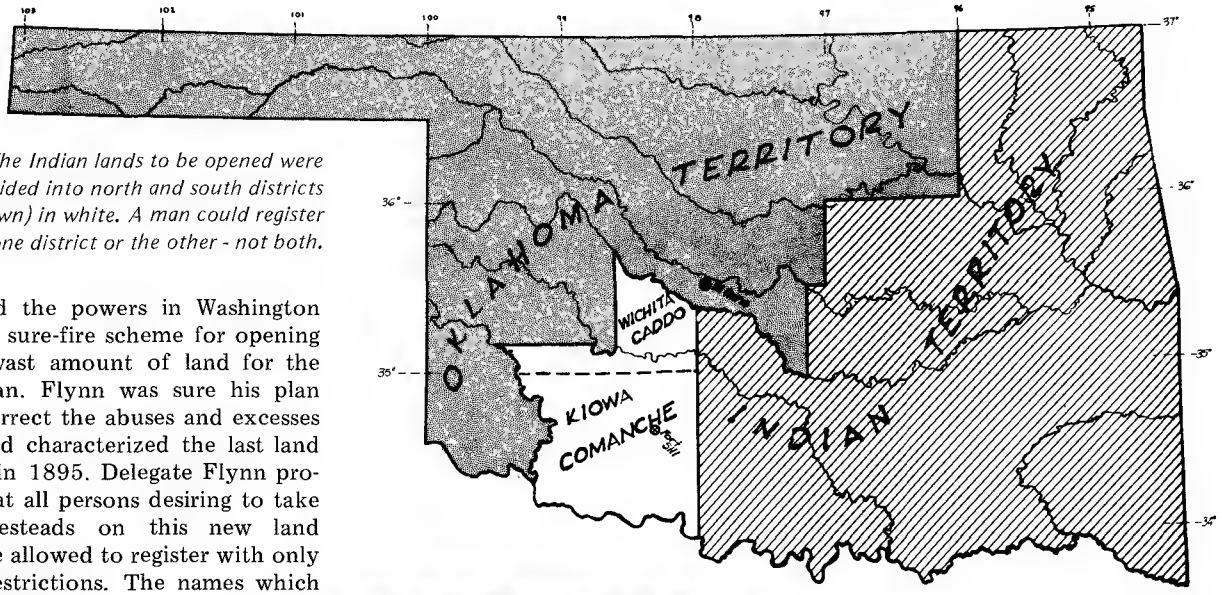
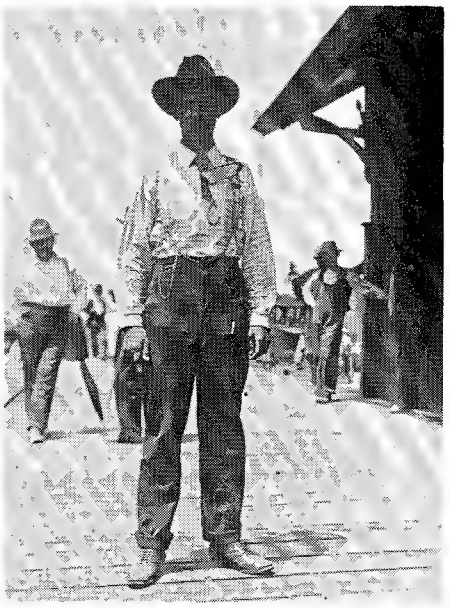


The Indian lands to be opened were divided into north and south districts (shown) in white. A man could register in one district or the other - not both.

convinced the powers in Washington he had a sure-fire scheme for opening up this vast amount of land for the white man. Flynn was sure his plan would correct the abuses and excesses which had characterized the last land opening in 1895. Delegate Flynn proposed that all persons desiring to take up homesteads on this new land should be allowed to register with only simple restrictions. The names which were registered would be written on cards and enclosed in envelopes. These envelopes were to be thoroughly shuffled and then drawn out and numbered in order. The first 13,000 applicants so drawn were to be permitted to file on claims at the land office in the order in which their names had been drawn. Hence the first name drawn would have the privilege of choosing what he deemed to be the best 160 acres of the total 2,080,000 acres.

On July 4, the 125th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, President William McKinley issued the proclamation opening the Kiowa-Comanche-Apache, Wichita-Caddo lands by lottery. Sensing this announcement, promoters of every kind



Stephen A. Holcombe of Indian Territory read the "Homeseekers Guide", registered and was the lucky winner of Claim No. 1. He had his choice of any spot in the entire area to make his new homestead.

swarmed into the countryside in adjacent Oklahoma Territory around El Reno and took pictures of the abundant spring crops. These pictures along with phony maps were circulated nation-wide as typical of what the homesteader might expect in the new land. Also books telling about the many wonders of the INDIAN LANDS FOR WHITE SETTLERS rolled off the printing presses by the thousands. Railroads planned to run special trains from every large city of the country.

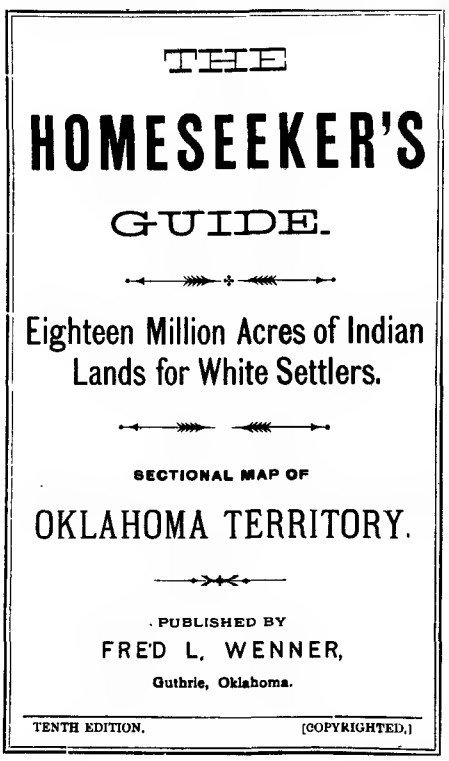
By Tuesday, July 9th, 12,000 strangers were in El Reno, one registration point; 10,000 were camped on the military reservation at Ft. Sill - the other place of registration. When the booths opened at 10:00 A.M. on the 10th, the lines were six blocks long.. Records indicate that 5,018 registered the first day. Special booths were set up for women; there is evidence that many negroes registered. A great many people left El Reno and Ft. Sill after they had registered. Newcomers came in waves as thousands stayed on. They did not have any place in particular to go. Some had brought along two weeks supply of grub to tide them over.

The heat was terrific with the thermometer hitting 100 degrees or better. Showers occured frequently but not enough to lay the two feet of dust on Main Street. Food supplies ran low; only flour and potatoes were in any quantity. Thousands had to depend on street refreshment stands for meals. Water ran short at El Reno as the town water system played out. Only a few deep wells were working.

Such was the scene for one of the wildest land openings in history, when the government used a game of chance to divide the remaining Indian lands "equitably".

Of course lotteries weren't new. The old Louisiana State Lottery at its peak brought in over $2,000,000 a month. And the Irish Sweepstakes in their heyday of glory garnered some $25,000,000 for various causes. But all of these were picayune compared to the value of this land - 4,639 square miles - to which everyone had an equal chance.

Two million, eighty thousand acres were to be opened by lottery for settlement. The remaining 1,380,000 acres included: the allotment of 160 acres each for some 3,500 Indians, the enlargement of the Ft. Sill military reservation by some 56,000 acres; the assurance of the Wichita Forest Preserve and 480,000 acres reserved for the Indian grazing lands. Sections 16, 36, 13 and 33 in each township were reserved for public schools, higher


THE
HOMESEEKER'S
GUIDE.

Eighteen Million Acres of Indian Lands for White Settlers.

SECTIONAL MAP OF
OKLAHOMA TERRITORY.

PUBLISHED BY
FRED L. WENNER,
Guthrie, Oklahoma.

TENTH EDITION. [COPYRIGHTED.]

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education and public building respectively.

Despite considerable opposition to the opening of the new lands by lottery, the plans continued to move forward. August 6, 1901 was officially set for the opening of the new lands; July 10 to the 26th, the period of registration and the drawing for the homesteads to begin July 29th. The lottery was under the supervision of Assistant Commissioner Richards of the United States Land Office.

The rules were simple. Anyone who was 21 years of age or over or the head of a family (male or female) and who did not own more than 160 acres of land in any other state or territory could register. An affidavit to this effect had to be presented at the time of registration.

On the registration card was placed the name, date of birth, height and weight of the registrant. The registrant was given a receipt which permitted him to travel anywhere in the districts inspecting possible homestead sites. Six thousand, five hundred homesteads were located in the southern district and an equal number in the northern district. No one could register for both districts. The individual had to choose the district in which he wished to register for a homestead; failure to do so barred him forever from the lottery. Cards and envelopes were of different colors for the districts to make handling easier. Commissioner Richards had 25 Land Office clerks to supervise registration in El Reno and 8 in Ft. Sill.

All of the drawings took place at El Reno, O.T. on a platform thirty-two feet square and covered by a tent-like structure. The sides were rolled up for ventilation and so that everyone could see and hear what was going on. Outside of the tent where the drawing took place a crowd gathered estimated at 50,000.

Continued on page 66

Inside the drawing tent (left) and outside it (below) - the scene was one of sweat and tension on the big day. Swindlers had a hey-day with the crowds, but a remarkable sense of fair-play prevailed over most of the goings-on.

ABILENE'S BARE-KNUCKLE MARSHALL

Continued from page 13

Suddenly, an uncontrolled melee broke loose. Leaping behind the bar, two drovers grabbed a couple of guns from their depository and began firing at the advancing officer. Unhurt, Smith never broke stride, but continued toward the rear. Some of the men around him were not that lucky, they grabbed various parts of their anatomies as the wildly fired slugs struck them. The two cowboys behind the bar could have sworn that they had dead aim on Smith, but too much red-eye had shaken their aim. After seeing so many of their own comrades hit, they were afraid to attempt it again.

Another inebriated cowboy thought of the oil lamps. Not thinking far enough ahead to realize that he could cause a raging enferno in the crowded building in just one big explosion, he jerked one of the lamps from its wall bracket and hurled it at the marshal. There was an ominous silence, then a mad stampede for the entrances. If the lamp exploded, the flimsy building would go up in flames in twinkling. The lamp struck the floor at Smith's feet, where it gave a doomful split-second flicker several times, then went out. There was no explosion. Even the glass was too thick to smash and the oil too poor to do anything.

Smith reached his man, just as more shots knocked out the remaining oil lamps. The hunted drover made another effort to elude Smith, but he collared him and let him have one in the stomach to take the resistance out of him. It did, the knees of the drover went out from under him. Smith balanced him over his shoulder and made his way toward the dim light of the street entrance.

There was no more interference, but Smith still breathed a sigh of relief after he had crossed the wide thoroughfare and turned the lock on his prisoner.

Sometime during the summer, Tom Smith was also appointed Deputy Sheriff of Dickinson county, in which Abilene was located.

In the September 8, 1870, issue of the Abilene *Chronicle* was the following:

Cleaned Out. -- For some time past a set of prostitutes have occupied several shanties, about a mile northwest of town. On last Monday or Tuesday, Deputy Sheriff Smith served notice on the vile characters, ordering them to close their dens -- or suffer the consequences. They were convinced beyond all question that an outraged community would no longer tolerate their vile business, and on yesterday, Wednesday morning the crew took the cars for Baxter Springs and Wichita. We are told that there is not a house of ill fame in Abilene or vicinity -- a fact, we are informed, which can hardly be said in favor of any other town on the Kansas Pacific Railway. The respectable citizens of Abilene may well feel proud of the order and quietness now prevailing in the town. Let the dens of infamy be kept out, the laws enforced and violators punished, and no good citizen will ask more. Chief of Police, T.J. Smith and his assistants, and C.C. Kuney, Esq. (police magistrate), deserve the thanks of the people for the faithful and prompt manner in which they have discharged their official duties. A grateful community will not forget the services of such efficient officers.

At the height of the cattle trade an immense army of cowboys was often paid off simultaneously for their part in the trail drives. All the carousing drovers wanted in the way of accomodations were saloons, gambling houses and brothels that blared forth twenty-four hours a day. There were not enough hotels and restaurants in Abilene to take care of the army of drover, so they were forced to sleep on the ground and eat ı their own chuck wagons that were rolled into town to take care of its own group that had come up the long trail. But Tom Smith, throughout it all, kept a peaceful town on the most part.

This was too good to last...

On October 27, 1870, the Abilene Chronicle came out with this bit of tragic information:

Fatal Affray -- We regret to learn that a fatal affray took place on last Sunday afternoon, near Chapman Creek, between two neighbors named John Shea and Andrew McConnell. The facts as related to us are substantially as follows: --It seems that McConnell had been out with his gun hunting deer, on his return he found Shea driving a lot of his cattle across his (McConnell's) land. Some words passed between them, when Shea drew a revolver and snapped it twice at McConnell who stood leaning on his gun, and and being on his own land. As Shea was cocking his pistol for the third time, McConnell drew up his gun and shot Shea through the heart, killing him instantly. McConnell went for a Doctor, and afterwards gave himself up, and had an examination before Esquire Davidson on last Tuesday, when a neighbor of both men, Mr. Miles, testified substantially to the above facts, and McConnell was discharged -- the act having been done in self-defense Shea leaves a widow and three children.

A few days later, evidence developed showing that Miles and McConnell had taken broad liberties with the facts in the case and a murder warrant was issued for the arrest of McConnell once more. This time, it was given to Deputy Sheriff Smith and his assistant, Jim McDonald, to serve.

The two men came in on the dugout of McConnell as carefully as possible, taking in the two horses tied outside. Finally, they were only a few feet in front of the crude doorway, when Smith whispered, "Jim, you watch out here, in case one gets away from me."

Swinging down from his saddle, he strode over to the entrance, shoving the heavy door open without warning. A chair fell over as one of the men jumped up from the table at the far end of the dugout, while the other man remained seated.

"Gentlemen, I have a warrant for Andrew McConnell on a murder charge." He looked at the man seated at the table. "You're him, aren't you?" He stooped as he entered the low doorway.

McConnell never answered, he fired his six-shooter over the top of the table. For a second, Smith was stunned from the sudden pain that tore through his right lung. Then he regained his composure and began firing back, wounding McConnell as he tried to flee after the escaping Miles. As McConnell ran past, Smith grabbed him and tried to subdue him, but the wounded farmer fought desperately.

Being on the chicken-blooded side, Jim McDonald turned tail and rode hard to a safe distance, where he stopped his mount and watched the gruesome events unfold.

Smith and McConnell fell through the doorway, still grappling with each other. Miles stepped in behind them and smashed the back of Smith's head with his gun barrel. Frantically, Moses Miles never stopped there, but snatched up an axe and almost severed the head of the Deputy Sheriff from his body.

Later, the cowardly McDonald slid his horse to a halt in front of the Drover's Cottage, staggered inside and draped himself over the bar--screaming

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BARE-KNUCKLE MARSHALL

Continued from page 50

for a drink After two or three shots of whiskey, he bagan to spin a fantastic tale, so rank that nobody would believe him. However, the sheriff began to swiftly form a posse and started out to check on the story.

Three days later, the two men were captured about fifteen miles northwest of Clay Center and brought by rail back to Abilene to stand trial. A large crowd was gathered at the depot when the train screeched to a stop. As the prisoners were being taken off the train, there were rumblings of a lynching party but the two men were taken safely to the second floor of the court house.

After three special lists of prospective jurors had been exhausted, the court knew the local people could not render an objective verdict, so a change of venue to Riley County was granted. The trial took place in Manhattan, Kansas, and both men were found guilty. However, even for such an odious crime, they were only given short penitentiary terms - Miles to serve sixteen and McConnell, twelve.

The Abilene *Chronicle* had this to say,

...Our citizens had learned to respect Mr. Smith as an officer who never shrank from the performance of his duty. He was a stranger to fear, and yet in the private walks of life a most diffident man. He came to this place when lawlessness was controlling the town. He was employed as chief of police, and soon order and quiet took the place of the wild shouts and pistol shots of ruffians who for two years had kept orderly citizens in dread for their lives...

Abilene had lost its iron man. Tom Smith was buried in a two-dollar grave and for thirty-four years Abilene forgot its bare knuckle here.Thenone day they disinterred the body of the former chief of police from its obscure grave in the Abilene cemetary and reburied him in a more prominent location in the same cemetary.

On Memorial Day, May 30, 1904, the townspeople dedicated a large boulder marking the site and a speech was given by the first mayor of Abilene - T.C. Henry. On the bronze plaque fastened to the natural boulder is the following tribute:

Thomas J. Smith
Marshal of Abilene, 1870
Died, a Martyr to Duty, Nov. 2, 1870.
A Fearless Hero of Frontier Days Who
in Cowboy Chaos
Established the Supremacy of the Law.

PAIUTE AMBUSH

Continued from page 17

With fidgety impatience the people of Virginia City waited, guns in hand. The remaining women and children were corralled in a large stone building and heavily guarded. The famed Madam of the Comstock, Julia Bulette, volunteered to remain with the men, to care for those injured or wounded. Comfort and morale for all, the men agreed. From such action, romantic novelists built the popular image of the western harlot, a wayward girl, abused and harangued, who, underneath, was a heroine with a heart of gold.

To pass time, men began battle drilling in the streets. The hrup, hrup, tramp, tramp echoed into the night, but afforded little assurance. Few could sleep, expecting a wild onslaught of "ten thousand Indians." Among them was a Dutchman who awakened to one of his comrades shouting in a nightmare, "Indians! Indians." Out the door, into the street the Dutchman charged. "Out. Out, to arms. Indian," he cried, stirring people to action. Quickly he talked a friend into lowering him down a fifty foot mining shaft, because it seemed the safest spot.

Suddenly everyone heard charging horses, rumbling out of the darkness. "The Paiutes are here," a man bellowed. Many took to the back hills, while others embarked for California, including the friend who had lowered the Dutchman. The "Injuns" proved to be a loose herd of mules abandoned and apparently stampeded by the spooky doings. The poor fellow in the shaft, however, roosted for three days and nights, yelling the while. When discovered, he was nearly dead.

Urgent requests proved useless, as no troops could be mustered. In desperation, a Warren Wasson of Genoa, Nevada, rode one hundred and ten miles through hostile country to Honey Lake, California in a futile attempt to secure armed support. From May 12, to June 5, 1860, the vast territory of Nevada lay paralyzed, with communications cut, towns isolated, and indifferent tribes united under a common cause to rampage and revenge.

Who was at fault? It was the old story of fear, of greed, and prejudice on both sides. But to fully understand the war, one must understand the setting - Pyramid Lake. Lying thirty miles northeast of Reno, the lake rests in a magnificent desolation of twisted eight-thousand foot peaks. Whirlwinds spiral, ghost-like, along shores that blend with mirages. Rocks, dead birds, drift wood are encased in a curious calcareous deposit called tufa that forms grotesque fantasies. The pinkish-white substance takes the form of twisted profiles and crouched animals. There are domes and spires, gouged, and stretched, and scaled like in an unreal world out of science fiction. With dawn and dusk, the mineralized earth changes shadowed form, almost psychadelic in a spectrum of violet, pinks, and yellow. One pyramidal rock which rises six hundred feet, inspired the explorer John Fremont to christen the lake. Subterranean hot springs belch steam jets that writhe across a dark earth scorched during its volcanic eons. Artifacts, petroglyphs, and fossilized skeletons are common in the hidden caves. Except for the sparse sage, there is no plant life, only bleak desolation and the constant winds, all somehow timeless. Yet the saline waters held large cutthroat trout and a prehistoric sucker fish called the cui-ui. And here migrate thousands of pelicans, gulls, cormorants, swans, geese, and ducks. A staple diet for the Indians.

Is it not a wonder that the land was revered? Good and bad spirits - most of the Paiute Gods lived there. For generations annual spring treks brought thousands to feast and to worship, their council fires aglow like the starry skies. Following the gold-rush and the silver stampede, prospectors wandered into the sacred land.

Then the famous Blue Bucket and Black Rock deposits were found and lost. Growing legends enticed more searchers resulting in a prospector's death. Chief Winnemucca of the Paiutes, anxious to keep peace, encouraged a treaty with the settlers. Sadly, it was not the settlers who were to blame, although they suffered most, but the fortune seekers who conveniently ignored such pacts.

Soon afterwards, the popular frontiersman, Peter Lassen and two partners, Wyat and Clapper (first names unrecorded), ventured into the forbidden land in search of the Black Rock Gold. The veterans saw Indian signs and Lassen glimpsed a Paiute observing them, and according to unofficial tale, Lassen gave the Indian some food and black powder. Whatever, at daybreak, shots brought Lassen and Wyatt bounding from their blankets. As Wyatt unhobbled his horse, he noticed that Clapper was dead, still rolled in a blanket. Behind him Lassen grasped his chest, cried out, "I'm dead," and toppled face down. Wyatt took a slug in the leg, but managed to break away and outdistance his pursuers.

Throughout eastern California and

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PAIUTE AMBUSH

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the Nevada Territory, the Lassen killing caused a sensation. Many still refused to believe the Paiutes would break the treaty. A roving band of Pit River Indians were responsible, they claimed. For most people, however, the facts didn't matter. "Injuns" were to blame and that was enough.

During the next months, the Great Basin closed under one of the worst freezes in its history. Blizzards and piling snow immobilized the Indians, forcing them to butcher cattle, By the end of 1859 irate ranchers were meeting, questioning whether they should war openly against marauders. Carefully, they ignored the probability that most of the herefords would perish anyway. One such cowman, a Jack Deming, noted for his Indian hate, returned home to find his ranch burning, his horses stolen, and his brother in a cellar, riddled with buckshot.

Apparently the culprits had sneaked into the cabin while the brother was attending chores, and had blasted him with his own shotgun. Convinced that Paiutes were to blame, the settlers began massing arms. Immediately, Governor Roop sent envoys to parley with Winnemucca, but the old chief denied any knowledge of the incidents.

Roop, realizing that reconciliation was past, asked the Military Departments of the Pacific for men and arms. He was refused on the grounds that Nevada was a maverick territory, that it had seceded from Utah and California, and that it was therefore not under legal jurisdiction. So now, the revenge-shouting settlers had to fight their own fire. In San Francisco, the Evening Bulletin predicted the West would "witness scenes of bloodshed fearful to behold."

On April 30, 1860, three thousand Indians converged at Pyramid Lake for council, their travel-dust graying the vastness like dense smoke.

Legend tells that a brilliant young chief, Numaga, argued against war. He saw beyond the hurt of his childlike people to eventual days of blood and annihilation. When his words failed, he fell upon the desert in frustration for three days and nights without food or water, hoping the self torment would effectively express his despair. On the last night of council, he appeared before the dim fires and spoke with moving eloquence. He warned that war would bring more whites who would drive the warriors into the rocklands to perish. But before his plea had ended, a weary rider galloped into the firelight shouting that an attack at William Station had left five whitemen dead. Apparently one of the sub-chiefs had slipped away to lead a raid. Now the decision was dramatically resolved and the Pyramid War launched.

Williams Station, twenty-five miles east of Dayton, Nevada, was a noted stop-over on the overland trail. That evening, the proprietor, James Williams was washing his face in the Carson River when the attack came. He watched his two brothers and a white visitor sprawl in the yard with bullets in their bellies, the remaining men screaming from the barn where flames entrapped them. Although Williams claimed the assault was unprovoked, the motives remain conflicting. According to the Indians, several station keepers had kidnapped two young squaws, ravished them, then shut them in a nearby cave. When several braves demanded their release, they were driven off. The braves returned soon with a band of thirty warriors.

Thus it was with high tension that men gathered that bright May morning in Virginia City, intent on a decisive victory. Through streets of cheering supporters, Ormsby's volunteers proudly marched in what was possibly the most unmilitary army in history. At William's Station they buried the mutilated bodies. A few questioned the wisdom of proceeding into the formidable desert. But the battered dead angered them, filled them with a blind determination. And so they pushed northward to the first battle of the Pyramid Lake War and to destruction.

In the weeks that followed the defeat, no ranch, no town, no man, woman or child was safe. With the silent swiftness of a flaming arrow, the Indians struck, plundering, burning, ending all contact between East and Far West.

At last, on May 24th, 1860, five hundred and fifty volunteers plus over two hundred soldiers from beyond the Sierras moved into the field under command of a Captain E.F. Storey. The cries of a territory had not been in vain. By June 2nd, the new army, well armed, well fed, and determined, reached the bend of the Truckee River near present Wadsworth. As they followed the slow bends north, they found abandoned saddles, guns, knives, pistols, and blankets strewn for fifteen miles by Ormsby's fleeing men. Circling vultures still hovered blackly over the sundried remains of the dead. Around one array of bodies, for a space of two hundred yards, the ground had been beaten solid - indicating that the Paiutes had taken the men alive, and had held ritual before killing them.

Before they could bury the dead, a scout rode up to Storey and announced that Indians were in the valley below. Confidently the men pushed forward, fanning out across the high plains until reaching narrow rocklands where the trail dropped rapidly toward Pyramid Lake. Here, where Ormsby had made his last stand, the soldiers dismounted, many creeping up on the rocks to peer below. Before them stretched a wide delta, green with patches of cottonwoods, all bordered by steep ridges that ended bluntly before the glimmering lake. Between them and the lake, rode three hundred advancing Indians, while countless more stood stoically on the side ridges.

The front wall of cavalry charged. The rear held back, waiting, should there be a trap like Ormsby had met. Overwhelmed, the Paiutes scattered into a rugged maze of ravines and gullies that lay against the eastern ridge. Here in a shallow washes, with ribs and pits of earth, the Paiutes took effective refuge. The army met stiff opposition, fighting through the gnarled land, rock by rock, until someone spied the young chieftan, Numage, directing the Indians from a promontory that overlooked the battle. With thirty men, Storey attacked the position. A warrior, hiding in a dirt shallow nearby, shot Storey in the back as the soldiers rode into the open. Storey rolled partially down the hill where he died in the arms of one of his men, a dozen more gathering close. Immediately afterwards, a Lieutenant Van Hagen, led an inspired charge that carried the main body of troops in a sweep over the ravines. Shouting and cursing, firing recklessly, the fierce charge rattled the Indians. Under palls of gunsmoke, they staggered back, disorganized and bewildered, for it was here that military training and deadly marksmanship paid off. The Paiutes spread like quail in the sage.

There were a few then, the so-called hoodlum class that proceeded to take scalps, despite strict orders to the contrary. In one incident a whiteman found an Indian lying with his back broken by a musket ball. Comstock editor, Dan De Quille describes the moment: "Drawing his bowie-knife, he began scalping the poor devil alive. As he was sawing away at the tough scalp, the Indian spat in his face. This had the desired effect - the white butcher drew his revolver and blew out the Indian's brains." De Quille continues: "The officers allowed no scalping, yet two or three scalps found their way to Virginia City. Old Gus, and old Dutchman, marched about the town from

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saloon to saloon with an Indian scalp dangling at the end of his musket. This gave Old Gus all the whiskey he wanted. Wherever he came it was: 'Hurrah for old Gus, he got his Injun! The Captain of one of the volunteer companies afterwards told me that in passing over the ground after the fight he chanced to come upon Old Gus behind a rock, industriously engaged in skinning the head of a dead Indian, meanwhile calmly smoking his pipe."

For three hours the echo of battle had rumbled down the mountains as the soldiers pushed from rock to rock in a din of smoke and blood. Here and there Indians fired back, desperately, without battle-plan, their defense hopelessly shattered. At sundown, with astonishing suddenness, they vanished.

History will never record the number of Paiutes killed, as each fallen was dragged to the sanctity of a cave or of a shallow grave. It is estimated that nearly three hundred Paiutes died in addition to a sprinkling of Bannocks and Shoshones who had tagged along. Unofficial estimates claim that two to three thousand Indians were involved in the second battle.

With dawn the army buried Ormsby's remains and pushed on to Pyramid Lake. Not a single Indian was visible, only smoldering fires and an empty wasteland.

Never again did the Paiute nation rise. As Numage had prophesied, its power was crushed; its pride stripped. Decay followed rapidly after they were herded like cattle into a constricted reservation of sterile flatlands and raw mountains. Winnemucca, as others, ended his life hunched and pitiful, a town beggar who waited for a handout of bacon and tobacco.

Briefly, the Pyramid War was the redman's hour of glory. For a time he saw proud, tough pioneers forced to submit, forced to admit the Paiute was a capable warrior and a respected foe. Yet today, not a trace remains of either battle, not a sign, not a marker, and hardly a memory. Few of the local ranchers have heard the tale. Most natives fish or swim in the lake oblivious to its past. A few curious students wander the sluggish Truckee in an attempt to reconstruct history. But most pathetic, at the reservation which borders the lake, Winnemucca's and Numaga's descendents stare blankly when questioned. Even the legends of their bravest died too. Perhaps the best tribute then, is to stand on the lonely rise where Numaga directed his forces; stand in the evening chill and watch the shadows play across the ravines. And listen to the wind and the moaning of the sorrowing dead at Pyramid Lake.

GUN KING

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He was the first, though, to invent a practical one, and it's practicality was aided immensely by the advent of the percussion system of ignition replacing the flintlock system in firearms.

In 1807, a scotchman named Alexander Forsyth had patented an ignition system using fulminate of mercury, which explodes into fire if struck by a hard blow. This system evolved down to the simple use of putting the fulminate of mercury inside a small copper cap, which, in turn, fitted over a small nipple, or cone, in the rear, or breach, end of the barrel of a gun. With this system, the hammer of the gun struck the copper cap, sending a small spark down through the middle of the cone, and igniting the charge inside the barrel. This ignition system, commonly known as the "percussion cap" system, had it's obvious advantages, and it gradually replaced the flintlock system in the 1820 to 1830 period. It's simplicity greatly aided the practicality of Sam Colt's revolver.

So it was that in March, 1836, in Paterson, New Jersey, the Patent Arms Manufacturing Company was born. It enjoyed mild success for a while, but it soon showed signs of having too many chiefs and not enough indians among the many investors whom Sam Colt had talked into forming the company.

Sam tried in vain to obtain a government contract for his firearms, but the Army, with it's well-known reputation of not accepting any new firearms developments until everyone else had, including the indians, would simply not buy his guns. In 1842, the company went into bankruptcy, having produced slightly over 2000 guns.

During the next five years, still convinced that his guns would sell, but lacking the money to do anything about it, Sam achieved such noteworthy accomplishments as developing the first practical underwater mine. He also succeeded in laying the first successful underwater telegraph cable.

Then 1847 came along, and destiny was served. Times were tough in Texas, and the United States was at war with Mexico. Single-shot firearms were the workhorse of the day, but many of the men fighting in the Mexican War in Texas had used Sam Colt's Paterson repeating pistols and rifles a few years earlier in the Seminole Indian wars in Florida, and they liked the idea of being able to fire six shots to the enemies' one.

So, in 1847, General Zachary Taylor, then commanding the U.S. Army in Texas, sent Captain Samual Walker to seek out Samuel Colt. Along with Walker, General Taylor also sent a government contract to purchase 1000 revolvers from one Samuel Colt.

The rest is history. Fortunately, Sam had retained the patent rights to his revolver when the Paterson Company had gone bankrupt. Sam Colt and Sam Walker sat down together and redesigned the Paterson Colt. The result was the Walker model Colt and the beginning of an empire. The army accepted the Walker model with enthusiasm, and soon, with a new factory in Hartford, Connecticut, Sam Colt was churning out revolvers as fast as he could make them. From that time on, Sam Colt was to know only success.

The company grew quickly, new models were introduced, and Samuel Colt was soon a wealthy man. In 1848 came the California gold rush, and, along with it, Westward expansion. Suddenly, almost overnight, everyone needed Sam Colt's revolving, repeating pistols.

In 1849 Sam received a seven year patent extension, which meant that his patent would now not expire until 1857. Until that time only he could produce revolving firearms. The world was his!

The year 1855 approached, and Samual Colt's biggest worry was how to spend all the money he was making.

1855 was to be an eventful year both for the firearms industry and for American history. It was also to be the year of Sam Colt's biggest business blunder, a blunder which had much to do with the ensuing development of the rest of the firearms industry in the United States.

Back in 1848, a man named Walter Hunt, who was also to invent such items as the fountain pen and the safety pin, invented and patented something called a "Self-contained bullet", or what is commonly known today as the cartridge. In it's embryonic stages, it could hardly be recognized as the cartridge that we know so well today, but, nevertheless, it was the beginning of the end of the percussion ignition system in firearms.

A year later, in 1849, Walter Hunt was also granted a U.S. patent on a repeating rifle.

Hunt, genius that he was, was no great businessbrain however, and he did little to capitalize on his inventions. He did, however, get around to assigning his patent rights to a New York City mechanic named George Arrowsmith.

Arrowsmith, in turn, plopped the wierd contraption into the lap of one of his most skilled employees, one Lewis Jennings. Jennings made some changes and improvements in both the cartridge and the rifle, but still could not make the thing marketable

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enough, and Arrowsmith, being a frugal businessman, decided against putting the rifle into production.

Arrowsmith, at least, was not inactive, for it didn't take him very long to pawn off the ownership of the "repeating" rifle and it's "cartridge" to a New York financier named Courtland Palmer.

Palmer jumped right in, got both feet wet clear up to the neckline, and promptly contracted with Robbins & Lawrence of Windsor, Vermont to manufacture 5000 of the guns. Walter Hunt's invention, if nothing else, was certainly making the rounds.

In 1850, the rifles were produced, most of them ending up being manufactured as single-shots, since it soon became apparent that the "repeaters" still didn't work worth a darn.

It was a memorable occasion, nonetheless, for it was at the Robbins & Lawrence plant that Palmer met a gunsmith in their employ by the name of Daniel Wesson.

About the same time, during that year of 1850, Courtland Palmer also engaged an independent gunsmith to work on improving his repeating rifle that didn't repeat. The gunsmith's name was Horace Smith.

Smith did make so many worthwhile improvements on the gun, and, in 1851, it was marketed in a limited quantity as the Smith-Jennings repeater. It, alas, didn't sell either.

Lesser men would have sent up a white flag, but not Courtland Palmer. He promptly shelled out more dough, and he soon had Daniel Wesson, Horace Smith, and another Robbins & Lawrence employee named B. Tyler Henry working full time on trying to make something out of the "repeating" rifle and it's "cartridge". Walter Hunt's invention was still busy making the rounds and getting nowhere.

However, Wesson, Smith, and Henry worked diligently on their project, and Palmer's patience, and money, were finally rewarded. In February, 1854, a patent was granted covering their improvements in both the rifle and the cartridge, although Wesson and Smith must have had sharper tongues than Henry, for the Patent was issued in the names of Daniel Wesson and Horace Smith and made no mention of someone named B. Tyler Henry. His day, however, was to come.

So it was that in 1854, a "practical" repeater came onto the American firearms market, produced with Courtland Palmer's money and bearing the now famous trade name of Smith & Wesson.

B. Tyler Henry, apparently, had been outfoxed for a while.

The gun that Smith & Wesson began to manufacture met with limited success. It's principle fault was the cartridge itself, which tended to be very cantankerous about going off.

It did work most of the time, though, and it was a lever action repeater, not too much unlike the modern Winchester lever action rifle. It was made in both a pistol and a rifle, and being a lever action, it did not in any way infringe on Sam Colt's revolver patent.

In 1855, the company was incorporated under the name of the "Volcanic Repeating Arms Company", and it was not long afterwards that Smith, Wesson, and Palmer, who apparently had finally cried uncle, sold out all their interests to the newly formed corporation, which numbered some forty optomistic stockholders. One of these new stockholders was a wealthy shirt manufacturer named Oliver F. Winchester.

Winchester was soon elected director of the company, a task that was not to be admired, since the new stockholders soon began to realize that sales of their repeaters were pretty stinko, and the company hovered constantly on the brink of financial ruin.

It was almost 1856, and apparently both Smith and Wesson were fading out of the firearms picture. Or were they? Other forces of destiny were at work!

In 1849, a 31-year old gunsmith went to work at Sam Colt's pistol company. His name was Rollin White.

Mr. White, it seemed, also had an inventive bent, and he spent much of his spare time experimenting with revolers that had the chambers of the cylinders bored all the way through so that loads (or a cartridge) could be inserted from the rear of the cylinder instead of into the front the way all percussion pistols had to be loaded.

For five years Rollin White worked on his new principle, and eventually he left his work at Colt's Manufacturing Company in 1854. On April 3, 1855, he was granted a U.S. patent for a revolver with a bored-through chamber enabling it to take loads from the rear. (Sam Colt's patent covered a revolving principle, but not with the chambers bored all the way through.) The patent meant that only he, Rollin White, or whomever he elected to sell his patent to, could legally produce in the U.S. a revolver having bored-through chambers in the cylinder, until the patent expired fourteen years later in 1869.

The mid-year of 1855-1856 was a D-Day in the still young American fire-arms industry:

1.) In less than two years, Sam Colt's patent on percussion revolvers would expire and anyone who wanted to would be able to produce them.

(2.) Smith and Wesson had just developed what would soon be a practical metallic cartridge.

(3.) Rollin White had just patented a revolver that would utilize a metallic cartridge, and he, or whoever bought his patent would be the sole manufacturer of that revolver until the patent expired in 1869.

(4.) Oliver Winchester was director of a struggling young company that was trying to market a repeating lever-action rifle and pistol utilizing a metallic cartridge, but meeting instead with poor sales and the threat of failure.

The four pieces of a fabulous jig-saw puzzle were about to be put together, and the entire future empire of the American firearms industry was the prize.

Who was to have first crack at this vast future empire? Who would reap the harvest by merely putting this jig-saw puzzle together correctly? None other than the man who controlled the majority of the industry at the time, that shrewd businessman, Samuel Colt.

He did not know it then, but Rollin White was the key to the entire coming events.

Rolling White did not have the money to capitalize on his newly patented invention, so who did Rollin White offer his patent to first? None other than his ex-employer, that shrewd businessman, Samuel Colt.

And what did Samuel Colt do?

Perhaps Sam Colt didn't believe in the advent of the metallic cartridge. Perhaps he didn't care. At any rate, he literally tossed Rollin White out of his office on his ear!

Surely Sam Colt knew what Smith and Wesson had been developing and knew the ensuing result in the embryonic company that Oliver Winchester was struggling with. Surely he could see the future possibilities of the metallic cartridge. Surely he wouldn't mind monopolizing the revolver business for another fourteen years.

Rollin White, the pauper gunsmith, must have sat there humbled before Sam Colt, the firearms king.

Surely Sam could take that patent off Rollin White's hands, probably on a royality basis without much outlay of cash at all. Then all he had to do was hop over to see Oliver Winchester and make an offer for the Volcanic Arms Company. No problem there judging from the unhappiness of the stockholders. Then what would Smith and Wesson do if only Sam could make cartridge revolvers and only Sam could make repeating rifles? Whatever rights they still had, if any, pertaining

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to the metallic cartridge could easily be brought to hand, and that would be that. My, what a nice little monopoly!

Perhaps Sam Colt was angry at Rollin White for developing his invention on company time. Perhaps he felt that he already had enough money. Whatever the reason, Sam promptly told Rollin White to go peddle his papers elsewhere.

Sam Colt has probably turned over in his grave many times since then, but Rollin White did exactly that.

Whether or not Smith and Wesson had been working on Rollin White when they sold out to the Volcanic company in 1855 is not known, but the ink had no more than dried from their departure from the Volcanic company when on November 17, 1856, they bought out Rollin White's entire patent rights, lock, stock, and barrel, to phrase it in the words of the day, for a paltry royalty agreement of 25 cents per pistol to be produced, plus a minor cash settlement.

In 1857, Smith & Wesson began to produce their first cartridge revolver, a small pocket size, .22 and it met with instant success.

From that time on, Smith and Wesson were nothing but successful, though their growth and development was to be somewhat lagging due to a seeming reluctance to plan ahead, and it was eight years more before they were to produce anything larger than a .22 or .32 caliber revolver.

When the Civil War broke out in 1861, their metallic cartridge revolvers were much in demand, but not many of them saw service in the war because of Smith & Wesson's inability to produce revolvers in any great quantity.

After the Civil War, Smith & Wesson was to grow more rapidly into the huge company that we know today.

Oliver Winchester, meanwhile, had a tougher row to hoe. In late 1855, the newly formed Volcanic Arms Company, now minus Mr. Smith and Mr. Wesson, managed to produce a variety of lever-action pistols and rifles under the superintendence of one B. Tyler Henry, who evidently was crawling back into the limelight.

Sales, were, however, pretty lousy, so Oliver Winchester and a man named Nelson Gaston loaned the company a pretty sizeable chunk of dough. Gaston, in December, 1856, unexpectedly went to his rewards, so Winchester bought up Gaston's interests and promptly attained the dubious distinction of being the principal creditor of the still struggling company.

In February, 1857, the Volcanic Arms Company was declared insolvent, and in March, it's assests were assigned to Oliver Winchester, the largest mortgage holder.

Oliver Winchester now owned 100% of a bankrupt firearms company whose guns didn't sell well. That 100% figure must have made Oliver more optimistic, for he promptly poured more green stuff into the defunct organization, renaming it the "New Haven Arms Company".

By 1858, when the "repeating" rifles and pistols still weren't selling worth a hoot, he gave B. Tyler Henry the chore of doing something about it, and B. Tyler Henry, not to miss his second chance, very promptly did do something about it.

Henry improved both the cartridge and the gun, securing a new patent in 1860, this time in the name of B. Tyler Henry, and, in 1862, the Henry rifle was introduced on the firearms scene and met with instant success. Too late to make an impression on the Civil War, the Henry rifle, nevertheless, was used during the waning part of the conflict, though never in large quantity.

Oliver Winchester never again produced a production model pistol. The Henry rifle started him on the way to even greater wealth than he already had, and in May, 1866, the name of the company was changed to "The Winchester Repeating Arms Company." That same year the first Winchester, the Model 1866, appeared on the market, and the name of Winchester was here to stay.

As for B. Tyler Henry, his patent interests went to Winchester, and his name faded finally into firearms obscurity.

Thus, thanks to Sam Colt, two great companies were born and flourished simply because he refused to listen to Rollin White.

As an interesting side note, his fateful decision even had an effect on the long existing Remington Arms Co.

At the end of the Civil War in 1865, the Remington Company, which had been in business since 1816, was the second largest producer of percussion revolvers in the U.S. With the end of the huge government purchases, however, the company was suddenly faced with no buyers to keep it's huge production facilities active.

Needing additional business to survive, Philo, Samuel, and Eliphalet Remington Jr., entered into negotiation with the Smith & Wesson company for Remington to produce large caliber cartridge revolvers.

In February, 1868, Remington began to produce .46 caliber "alterations", thus becoming the first manufacturer to produce a large caliber cartridge revolver.

It was to be almost two years before Colt could legally market a large caliber cartridge revolver, and it was to be almost three years before Smith & Wesson would get around to marketing their .44 caliber American model.

Remington was able to produce over 5000 of these "alterations" and thus was the first company to receive a government contract for cartridge revolvers. This added business probably saved the company from bankruptcy.

Had Sam Colt held Rollin White's patent at the time instead of Smith & Wesson, it is almost a certainty that he would have had no interest in coming to the terms that so invaluably helped Remington in it's revival years of the later 1860's, and the Remington Company could easily have perished into the dust.

As long as there have been people walking the earth, there has been history being made, and as long as history has been being made there have been historians to record it. As long as there have been historians recording history, there have been second-guessers guessing what might have happened if---:

If Sam Colt would have bought Rollin White's patent of 1855 on the bored-through chamber for revolving pistols, there obviously would never have been a Smith & Wesson company formed to manufacture revolvers. Scratch one major manufacturer.

Even more significant to Samuel Colt would have been the fact that he would have continued to have the revolver business in the U.S. neatly tied up for some years to come.

Sam had patented his revolving principle in 1836. In 1849 he received a patent extension which made his patent good until 1857. This meant, as was observed earlier, that only Sam Colt could produce revolving cylinder firearms legally in the U.S. between the years 1836 to 1857.

If he had purchased Rollin White's patent in 1855, he would have had almost two years to perfect and market a practical revolver using a breech-loading metallic cartridge before his patent on the revolving percussion cylinder ran out.

Rollin White's patent was good until 1869. Until that time, none but the controller of that patent could have produced legally a revolver with a bored-through chamber. This meant that from 1857 to 1869, while other manufacturers would have had to confine themselves to producing revolvers utilizing the soon to be obsolete percussion system (which is exactly what happened), Sam Colt would have been sole producer of cartridge revolvers, just as had instead Mr. Smith and Mr. Wesson.

Sam Colt would have found himself

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GUN KING OF THE WEST

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in exactly the same enviable position that had made him a millionaire back in the days when only he could produce a revolver while other manufacturers had to sit back and produce single shot pistols until his patent ran out!

Why, with all his business foresight, Sam Colt refused this golden opportunity unfortunately will probably never be known. Little did Sam Colt know what he was passing up that fateful day when he showed Rollin White the exit to his office!

But the speculation does not end there! There could have been greater things yet to come.

Sam Colt was the king of the U.S. Arms industry. He undoubtadly had seen and heard about the unsuccessful lever-action pistols that Smith and Wesson had made in 1854. He undoubtedly also knew that the Volcanic Arms Company that Smith and Wesson had subsequently formed was about to go into receivership in that fateful year of 1855-1856. He also undoubtedly knew that Oliver Winchester was the main wheel and most influencial stockholder of the wallowwing company.

If Sam Colt had bought Rollin White's patent, and if he had taken the trouble and interest to amble over to New Haven, it does not take much imagination to see the ease with which the flambouyant and usually aggressive Mr. Colt could have swept in on the sedate Mr. Winchester and graciously offered to buy what Mr. Winchester and the other worry-stricken stockholders had purchased from Smith, Wesson, and Palmer; namely the Volcanic Repeating Arms Company. Oliver Winchester was very optomistic about his repeating guns, but he was also a very smart businessman, and it seems hardly likely that, what with the Volcanic arms having failed so miserably to date, he and the other stockholders would have passed up an opportunity to bail out of the entire mess. Scratch one more major manufacturer of today.

The patent purchased from Rollin White would have cost Sam Colt nothing out of his pocket. The 25c royalty per pistol that he would have had to pay Rollin White would have made Rollin White a wealthy man, but the $4 or so profit to be made on each pistol would not have hurt Sam Colt's bank account either. The amount he would have had to pay Smith and Wesson for whatever interests they had left in the metallic cartridge would not have dented Sam's pocketbook either. The money he would have had to pay for the Volcanic Company would not have been small, but it would have been peanuts to Sam in those days.

If Sam Colt had bought Rollin White's patent, and if he had taken the trouble to buy out Oliver Winchester and company, including Smith and Wesson, what would he then have had? If he had done no more than Smith and Wesson, with their revolvers, and Oliver Winchester, with his rifles, did, he simply would have had a monopoly on the entire U.S. firearms industry for as long as he wanted it.

Taking into consideration the fact that Oliver Winchester developed the Winchester rifle very slowly because of limited production facilities and because it was mainly, in the beginning, a side venture with him, and, taking into consideration the fact that Smith and Wesson developed their revolvers a little more slowly yet because of limited capital, lack of organization, and poor production facilities, and next assuming that Sam Colt would have put behind his newly acquired patents and principles his unlimited capital, his vast production facilities and his corps of mechanics and engineers to perfect the whole mess, it is very logical to arrive at the assumption that Sam Colt would have patented a practical metallic cartridge long before Smith and Wesson and B. Tyler Henry did and thus would have developed both the new revolver and the repeating rifle at a much more rapid rate.

It would then be almost certain that by the beginning of the Civil War in 1861, Sam Colt could have been producing in sufficiently large quantities, practical revolving pistols and repeating lever-action rifles using the metallic cartridge.

It is plain to see that the firearms empire Sam Colt could have constructed could have been so vast as to almost defy the feasibility of logical comprehension!

Even more important, the firepower that he could have provided the North, with large quantities of fast-loading cartridge sixshooters and large quantities of fifteen-shot repeating rifles, would have given them such supremacy over the South the the Civil War could not have lasted half as long as it did.

Sam Colt died on a Friday morning, January 10th, 1862, at the age of 47. He never saw the last three bloody, disgusting years of the Civil War. He never knew of the great empires that Smith and Wesson, and Oliver Winchester built after Rollin White walked forlornly out of his office in 1855.

A great man cannot be condemned for not being greater.

MYTH OF THE GUNFIGHTER

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who challenged him or his ruthless ways. But he was haunted and fearful because he knew the man he was facing represented everything civilized.

The other man was lean and tapered, and his well-proportioned body moved with a relaxed panther-like grace as he paced ahead with a deadly purpose toward his man. His features were grim, his mouth a taut slash marring a normally handsome clean-shaven face. His blue-gray eyes, usually relaxed and smiling, were now hard as steel as they watched the outlaw. At each step his hands hung ready by the polished butts of twin Colt .45's nested in their low hanging holsters.

The lower ends of the holsters were lashed to his thighs with rawhide thongs to give him that extra bit of speed on the draw which meant the difference between life and death. Staring mortality in the face, there was an inward tension like a coiled watch spring. He dared not show fear as he stalked toward the man whose villainy led to this duel of death. On the marshal hung the future of the town and the welfare of its people who were crouching in the shadows, fearfully awaiting the finish.

The marshal's voice was like a whip-lash, "That's far enough."

"Well, go for it, Marshal," sneered the outlaw.

The marshal's voice was cold, "It's your play."

Hands flashed down, the thunderous roar of heavy Colts filled the air. When the acrid blue smoke cleared our hero, the marshal, stood alone, gun in hand, his enemy dead in the dust. Once more good triumphed over evil. From the shadows of the buildings people slowly emerged to shake his hand and thank him for saving them.

The legend refuses to die in spite of many assorted truths. Billy the Kid was an ugly moronic little killer who never gave a man an even break. Wild Bill Hickok was known as Duck Bill because of the size of his nose. Wyatt Earp was a gambler supported by a prostitute most of the time. The quick draw showdown often amounted to having the pistol out and ready before the challenge. Back-shooting was very common and the word "cowboy" was derisive and meant a boy who tended cows.

The men who provided the inspiration for the gunfighter myth are now long dead, but their weapon survived. Something akin to hero-worship--gun worship--grew up around the six-

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shooter.

The old frontier saying that "Colonel Colt made all men equal" was not blasphemy, but fact. The Colt's Peacemaker (Colt.45) marked the end of the time when men settled their personal quarrels with knives. Colt gave men of violence hand guns which would shoot fairly straight and would fire more often than not.

Even the average gunfighter went to great lengths to modify his gun to his personal taste. The action must be smooth and fast. A new standard Colt or Remington revolver (of either the percussion or the cartridge type) needed expert attention. The trigger pull was always too heavy, and the strong factory mainspring made it difficult to cock the pistol. To overcome these difficulties the gun was stripped, and care was given to the half-cock and full-cock notches, or "bents," on the hammer. A hard file or whetstone smoothed the edges to give an easy let-off when pressure was applied to the trigger. Then, after a final polishing, they were rehardened to prevent excessive wear.

The revolver's mainspring was also modified. Success or failure in a gunfight depended on the ease with which a hammer was cocked. In place of the strong factory mainspring, a specially tempered one was fitted into place. The hammer could be cocked quickly and with less effort, but it would still come down on the primer or cap with enough force to fire it. Eventually this combination of filing, polishing, and tempering made the action of the hand gun smooth and reliable. The standard Colt, Remington, and other large-caliber revolvers of the time were usually six-shot, but they were rarely loaded with more than five bullets--as a safety precaution.

In actuality the age of the gunfighter was much shorter than is usually realized. It covered about a twenty year span from 1865 to 1885. This was roughly from the end of the Civil War till the time the West was fairly well organized. Following the Civil War money was tight, things were torn apart in the South and there was much bitterness toward the carpet bagger. Out of this potpourri were born the West's first outlaws--Jesse James, William Longley, John Wesley Hardin, Clay Allison, and Sam Bass.

The gunfighter was no superman; although his certain talents and abilities set him apart from other men, he shared in their failings and weaknesses. Rarely the lone wolf, he was usually a good mixer. After all, that was the best way to keep track of his friends and enemies. Most of the gunfighters lived with women and many of them even married. This might be one of the few indications they gave of desiring to form permanent attachments or conform to the codes of society. They were with a rare exception youngsters. All of the Earps--Morgan, Wyatt, and Virgil were in their twenties. Bat Masterson was in his late teens and Doc Holliday in his early twenties when they built their reputations. Sam Bass was only twenty-seven when he was run down and killed. Even Old Wild Bill Hickock regarded as an old relic was just forty-one when he was shot in the back by Jack McCall.

The so-called Western Code which forbade the shooting of an unarmed man and, likewise, the shooting of an armed man until he was faced and warned of the peril never really existed. Men bent on killing did so in the most efficient and speedy way they knew. Jesse James was shot in the back by Bob Ford as he stood on a chair adjusting a picture. Ben Thompson was led into a trap in a theater and shot down with his friend King Fisher. Billy the Kid died in his stocking feet as he entered a darkened room. In each case the victim was without a ghost of a chance to defend himself. The world of the Wild West gunfight was an underworld, corrupt and rotten. The heros, vaunted for courage, actually showed the rashness of an alcoholic and the desperation of a cornered rat.

Let us look at a few of these celebrated heros:

Hickok made his reputation from killing two unarmed men and mortally wounding a third who was running away.

Jesse James coldly murdered two unarmed bank tellers who were cowering at his feet.

Billy the Kid shot and killed from ambush, on most occasions. In his one man-to-man fight his opponent was unarmed.

The Earp brothers provoked a fight, shot first, and killed three men who were holding up their hands. They did this while shielded by the star of the peace officer.

Bat Masterson was noted for being a poor shot with a hand gun. And the deadly Doc Holliday was supposed to have fired five revolver shots at saloon range, scoring only one slight crease on the barkeep.

If a forlorn little whistlestop had a sheriff or constable, he usually turned in his badge or left town suddenly when the trail herd drovers (or cowboys) hit town. What else could he do in the face of crowds of drunken touchy cowboys carrying guns plus the saloon keepers and gamblers with reputations of man killing? It soon became obvious the towns could not survive without some degree of law and order. Men with reputations who were not from Texas were needed to keep the drovers in line during the bust-out at the end of the long dusty trail. Thoughts naturally turned to the frontiersmen, buffalo hunters, and the quick-witted ex-Union soldier. All were good at telling stretchers--so marshals and sheriffs were born with their gun reputations.

The practice of carrying two guns during the early days did not actually mean both weapons were used together. The fictional gunfighter pulls both guns and fires them simultaneously. The real-life gunfighter may have, but only on rare occasions, especially during a saloon brawl. The basic purpose for the second gun was to have something left in reserve.

A gunfighter armed with two revolvers and the ability to use both at one time or to shoot with either hand with equal skill is part of the accepted legend of the Wild West. The true purpose of a pair of guns was soon forgotten or ignored. The result made the gunfighter a ridiculous figure--a grandstander who wore two guns for show or to impress the crowds-or even worse, a coward. The gunfighters carried two guns because of tradition which grew out of the era of the flintlock, a slow-loading and unreliable weapon which made it necessary to carry a brace.

The time taken to load or reload an early cap-and-ball revolver meant the difference between survival and death. The practical solution was to carry two revolvers, or at least a spare loaded cylinder. Such a practice originated with Pony Express riders, for in the early days each rider was armed with a carbine and two Navy revolvers. Later it was decided the extra pistol and the carbine were unnecessary weight. They were dispensed with, leaving the riders with one revolver and occasionally a spare loaded cylinder.

Good pistoleers "never missed" -- they always "got their man" if it was at point blank range. Only a few men during any period of revolver history were classified as "dead shots," and those whose prowess amazed the most reliable witnesses often admitted the "experts" could miss their targets at times.

There was the story of two men in a street fight, who chased each other all over town shooting up their ammunition. One of them finally sneaked into the hardware store to buy some

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MYTH OF THE GUNFIGHTER

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more cartridges. His sigh of relief was short-lived, for he was shot down as he reached the counter. His enemy beat him to the ammunition supply.

Still there was great rivalry among the top-notch gunfighters in the use of a pistol. Though few of them cared to exchange shots with each other in a serious gunfight, they readily took part in pistol matches and constantly practiced to improve their skills. Bat Masterson contended skill in the use of a pistol was inborn but added that "there were plenty who learned to shoot simply because they had to. Everybody who was not a reasonably good shot went back to where he came from and quickly." Yet, he was noted as a poor pistol shot.

The better target shooter was not necessarily the victor in any actual gunfight. A gunfighter who displayed little skill at target practice often won a gunfight because of his state of mind. In a fight to the death a good shot might hesitate for an aimed shot, while his opponent, whose killer instinct was stronger or whose reaction was quicker, would shoot him dead. Many a pistoleer went down before an opponent with less skill simply because his presence of mind did not equal his skill.

The gunfighter was reputed to be able to fan a six-gun so fast the five shots sounded like one. Tests made recently by modern marksmen proved this feat was possible. But, contrary to legend, fanning was not a common practice in the old west partly because the mechanism of the gun suffered from such ill-treatment. Some "slipped" the hammer by allowing the thumb to slide off the spur at full cock. This was not very accurate, but in a bar room brawl two or three shots fired in this manner had a very demoralizing effect on the crowd.

Getting a six-shooter into action in the heat of a battle was not common, even among the expert gunfighters. Only a few incidents of "quick drawing" are recorded, and even these are highly questionable. Usually his Colt was out and ready if he expected to get into a gunfight. As in any battle, the element of surprise counted a lot with a gunfighting elite. Evenly matched opponents generally killed each other, but few gunfights took place between the experts. Usually it was the inexperienced braggart or troublemaker trying to take on the professional and he died as the result.

More often than not gunfighters used the simplest of trappings, dependable hand guns in plain stripped down holsters. Often they were stuck in the waist band of their pants. Of course, the ability to shoot straight in a pinch helped!

The speed and accuracy of the old-timers was enlarged upon by the Eastern suppliers of sensationalism. Unless a pistol was drawn and fired with fantastic speed and accuracy, the story seemed to be lacking in effect. Occasionally doubt about the writers' veracity was expressed by an editor. Of Wild Bill's mastery of the six-shooter, one Missouri editor wrote in a review of the Nichols article about Hickok in Harper's: "No superior skill with the pistol...could any man of the million Federal soldiers of the war, boast of...but Nichols cuts it very fat when he describes Bill's feats of arms."

The only possible way to check on the truth of some of the claims made for the frontier marksmen is to test weapons like the ones they used. With Colt cap-and-ball revolvers it is possible to put six shots into a two-foot circle at one hundred yards, hit tin cans thrown into the air, or drive a can along the ground with bullets carefully shot from behind. But such tests don't prove that the old-timers could shoot that well.

Even with careful attention paid to the sights and to the loading and oiling of the weapon, a serious problem remained. Black powder creates a great deal of smoke. The romantic writers who credited the trick shots with the ability to hit repeatedly hats, tin cans, or other targets tossed into the air never considered the effect of such smoke. Wild Bill Hockok must have filled the streets with billows of white smog when he emptied his two guns in rapid fire at some smoke obscured target.

The old-time gunfighters and the modern-day fast-draw TV heros have one thing in common--similar weapons. There the similarity ends. The gunfight was a fact; the fast draw was pure fantasy

There is hypocrisy in hiding the facts that the gun fighting marshals wore tarnished halos and were selected from the wandering clique of gamblers and saloon keepers. Gambling and drinking wer a part of the frontier. These men were the only ones who needed to be handy with a gun. But they were not about to give up much time at their lucrative faro game by working as a law man. No, they were not that civic minded --so the town fathers permitted them to do both.

Where legend will take the gunfighter next is unknown. Yet, his image is plenty versatile and flexible or he would have died long ago.

MADMAN OF THE TRANSCONTINENTAL

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At this time, Train was in New York sizing up Wall Street for his special kind of attention and it was inevitable that he and Durant got together since they picked their teeth with the same quill. Durant named Train chief of publicity while he, himself, worked on the heavy stuff. This suited Train's megalomania to a T. He not only took hindsight credit for having engineered the Act of 1862, but was not shy in letting it be believed that it was he who conceived the idea of connecting the Atlantic and Pacific with bands of steel in the first place. "I had suggested this route across America ten years earlier," he said.

Although he has been generally overlooked, or at best given a minor role, in this phase of western development, to Train's undeniable credit belongs the idea of financing the huge undertaking. He conceived the Credit Mobilier of America, based on financing methods he had observed in France. It was an ingenious, if malodorous, scheme which had Durant dry-washing his hands in anticipation. The fantastic operation, by controlling construction contracts, made fortunes for company officers, their friends and high government officials who sold their influence. It milked the railroad, small stockholders, the government, and developed into a national scandal which ruined political careers, including that of Vice-president Schuyler Colfax.

Ground breaking day was wide-eyed and open-mouthed with excitement. The sun was kind, raising the temperature to an unseasonable 46 after the storm which had shattered the window in the Herndon House. About 1,000 persons were at the site on the Missouri River bottoms. Besides national and local dignitaries, there were frontier merchants, traders, plainsmen, freighters, hunters, workmen, professional men, tin horns, gamblers, ladies and fancy gals. Brass six-pounders, one on the Nebraska bank, the other on the Iowa shore, boomed at frequent intervals. First to speak was Nebraska Governor Alvin Saunders. He was followed by half a dozen others. Train closed with a stemwinder.

With unbecoming modesty, he allowed that it was President Lincoln "who shows good judgment in locating the road where the Almighty placed the signal station, at the entrance of a garden seven hundred miles in length

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and twenty broad." He predicted the road would be completed by 1870 (the rails met at Promontory Point, Utah, May 10, 1869) and forecast undreamed of riches for the West with 10 million emigrants settling "in this golden land in 20 years." He also talked of financing the road and at this junction sidetracked momentarily. With the lucidity that sometimes comes to men called mad, he predicted that someday the national debt would be the greatest in the world, even putting that of England to shame.

The speech was wired to eastern newspapers by Edward Rosewater, former Civil War telegrapher with Generals Fremont and Pope. The nation's press derided Train as a madman and visionary. But, the Weekly Nebraskian said the talk was "the raciest, liveliest, best-natured and most tip top speech ever delivered west of the Missouri." At the same time, the paper took note of Train's erratic nature. "What is to be the future of his brilliant talents?" it asked.

Train's reply was an unbounded belief in his own vision. He became a land speculator second to none. Through the Credit Foncier -- also put together by him as the land development arm of the Credit Mobilier -- he bought 500 acres of land southeast of Omaha and platted 80 acres into town lots. To start his own boom, he ordered ten houses prefabricated in Chicago and had them erected on the development which he named Credit Foncier Addition. The section still is known as "Train Town."

Headquartered in New York, Train made frequent visits to the frontier town, looking after his real estate interests and beating the drums for the Union Pacific. His ground breaking speech had given him a reputation as an orator -- witty and fast on the draw -- and he was much in demand as a lecturer.

Petter Iler, Omaha distiller, once denounced him as an anarchist. "My fellow citizens," Train replied from the platform, "there is more anarchy in one barrel of Iler's whiskey than there is in ten thousand George Francis Trains." His social commentary could be devasting, as when he suggested revising the marriage service to read: "Clergyman: Will you this brown stone front, this carriage and span, these diamonds for thy wedded husband? Yes. Will you take this unpaid milliner's bill, this high waterfall of foreign hair, these affectatious accomplishments and this feeble constitution for thy wedded wife? Yes. Then, what mammon has joined together, let the next best man run away with, so that the first divorce court may tear them asunder." Territorial politics with their frenzied partisanship got the Train treatment, too. One election year he took to the stump for the Democrats in the first white suit ever seen in Nebraska.

In the fall of 1866, the Union Pacific staged an excursion to celebrate the passing of the 100th meridian 247 miles from Omaha, near what is now the town of Cozad. Under Train's imaginative handling, it turned out to be a whiz bang. He invited not only railroad officials, but newspapermen, governors, senators, military men, foreign diplomats, industrialists, financiers and those with noted names, like Robert Todd Lincoln, son of the martyred President -- in fact, anyone Train could think of who could lend luster, influence and publicity to the junket.

Some 200 notables and a number of their ladies converged by steamboat, rail and stagecoach on Omaha where a special train of nine cars and two locomotives was awaiting them. One of the cars was the famous Lincoln Car which Durant had purchased from the government for his personal use and for special guests who, on this occasion, included Train and his beauteous wife, Willy, and the road's chief engineer, Civil War General Grenville M. Dodge.

Four glistening new coaches were reserved for other excursionists. And, up front were the baggage, supply and mess cars and a refreshment coach with ornate bar and the finest potables, alcholic and otherwise. In charge of the food was a famous Chicago restauranteur who supervised six cooks. Three barbers were aboard to keep the company looking trim, and two bands, the Great Western Light Guards of Chicago and Rosenblatt's of St. Joseph, Missouri, to while away tedious hours. Passengers so inclined were provided with firearms to try their sporting eye on antelope and other prairie game. Train provided an official photographer and a printing press to record the event for posterity.

The first stop was Columbus, a brand new town which had sprung up along the rails some 90 miles from Omaha. The excursionists camped on the Pawnee reservation and by Train's arrangement were treated to an Indian war dance while a gargantuan feast was served. Champagne flowed like the waters of the Loup on which Columbus was located.

With contagious enthusiasm, Train declared the village in ten years would become the capital of Nebraska and, situated near the geographic center of the country, someday would become the capital of the nation -- predictions which missed their marks by the proverbial mile. But, there was method in Train's glowing optimism. The Credit Foncier was pushing land sales along the route and Train, himself, had bought up some of the raw prairie hoping, as he did in Omaha, to turn a fast dollar.

The 100th meridian, marked by a wooden sign besides the rails scarring the vast sea of grass, was reached the following day. Here was a hell-town on wheels, bawdy as they come and piled high with ties and rails and other material to be rushed to end of track. The arrival was the signal for another grand party -- a huge feast, a dance, band concerts and a buffalo hunt. Fireworks blazed brilliant streaks across the night sky. The final flip was a lecture on phrenology with Train's wondrous cranium used for the demonstration.

Next morning, the junketers were startled from sleep by gunshots and the hideous yells of a band of Pawnee, only to discover to their relief that it was a mock raid staged by Train for their amusement. Breakfast over, the train rolled on to end of track where the sightseers clucked in amazement at the incredible speed of General Jack Casement's Irish Terriers in laying track. But, the most spectacular show was yet to come. On the return trip to Omaha, the notables, safe in the cars, shuddered deliciously at that greatest of all prairie perils. It was a grass fire 20 miles long. Through the courtesy of George Francis Train, of course.

Other excursions followed. In 1867, the showcase, again with Train as chief barker, wined and dined its jolly way to end of track 33 miles east of Cheyenne. Leaving the main body to return to Omaha, Train shepherded a select few beyond Cheyenne and into the mountains where he delivered himself of another brainstorm. "The Credit Foncier," he announced, "has selected 1,000 acres of hill, valley, bluff and canyon around the celebrated Laramie Springs, the purest water of the mountains, for the new Saratoga." This high society watering place in the Rockies, he promised, would be the sensation of 1868. But, this, too, came to nothing, perhaps because the great dreamer soon was to move on.

Despite having had so much to do with the initial phase of the grand project, Train ironically was not destined to be at its big climax on Promontory Point. Apparently he was too mercurial, his visions and vagaries were too far out for even Durant

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BOOKS of the WEST

A CONFEDERATE IN THE COLORADO GOLD FIELDS
edited by
DONALD J. BERTHRONG
and ODESSA DAVENPORT

In 1859 Colorado was a far-place that hardy men went to make their fortune, or so thought Daniel Ellis Conner when he left a wandering life in Missouri for a life with pick and shovel. But things didn't turn out the way he expected, a Civil War got started and he felt sympathy with the southern side. Instead of mining he got caught up with a band of Rebel troops trying to get control of the southwest. And he suddenly found he was fighting for his own life and freedom.

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186 pages, hardbound 12 illustrations and two maps, $6.95. UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA PRESS, Norman, Oklahoma

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by
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The Staked Plains (Llano Estacado) were wild and desolate in the late 1800's - a cowboy's workland. Vivian H. Whitlock grew up there, became a cowboy, and married. The comedy of his life as well as its excitement is told clearly and cleverly by the author. This is definitely not a rough and tumble outlaw and Indian book, but it's truly a fascinating tale of life in old New Mexico.

278 pages, hardbound, 20 illustrations, $6.95. UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA PRESS, Norman, Oklahoma.

MADMAN OF THE TRANSCONTINENTAL

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now, and the hardnosed Oliver and Oakes Ames who had gained control. The completion of the road was assured and Train's usefulness was at an end, his flamboyance no longer needed. Whether Durant canned him or whether Train became restive under the restraints of more practicaly men and left of his own accord, can only be guessed at. At any rate, there was no holding him down.

He went to the Pacific Northwest with a delegation from the east looking for a site for the terminus of the Northern Pacific Railway. "When we passed the point where Tacoma now stands, I was attracted by its appearance and said: 'There is your terminus.'" The committee approved and, according to Train, Tacoma was founded. Then, just to keep his hand in as an innovator, Train, after spearing salmon with Indians in the Columbia River, said he had another flash -- canning salmon, which put the king fish of the Columbia in "nearly every household in civilization."

In 1870 he made a trip around the world in 80 days and subsequently said it was the inspiration for Jules Verne's novel, *Tour of the World in Eighty Days.* Making no bones about it, Train said: "I am Phileas Fogg." It was while on this whirlwind passage that Train became embroiled in the French Commune. He narrowly escaped being shot in Marseilles, saving himself by draping the flags of France and the United States about him and daring the troops to fire. Or, so he said.

Back home, he put himself up as an independent candidate for President in the 1872 election. He wasn't even listed among the five others bucking Grant's bid for a second term. But, Train, having had the audacity to charge admission to his political speeches (800, he said) grinned a $90,000 grin all the way to the bank.

After the election, Train was jailed on a charge of printing obscenity in his publication, *The Train Lique.* Like a Don Quixote, he had sprung to the defense of Victoria Woodhull and Tennessee Claflin, militant suffragists and free love advocates, who had published an account of alleged hanky-panky between the eminent Brooklyn preacher, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and one of his female parishioners. Anthony Comstock, obsessed bloodhound for the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, had them thrown in jail. For a test case, Train reprinted the objectionable material. Moreover, Train, who could quote the Bible like a preacher primed on corn whiskey, demanded the prosecution of the Bible Publishing Company for printing "slanders on Lot, Abraham, Noah, Solomon and David." Train got part of his wish. Comstock had him jailed, too. But, there was no test case. The court adjudged him a lunatic, though a harmless one.

Now, the turbulent glitter of his life began to slip away. He became a used up celebrity, his flashing career a fading track sown by a falling star. Creditors came baying like hound dogs on the night of a full moon. Perhaps the cruelest blow fell when his cousin, George Pickering Bemis, sued him in Omaha for $47,600 in back salary as his private secretary. Bemis got judgment and it was satisfied by levying on Train's Omaha property. But, not all was lost. Sometime before, he had separated from his family and settled enough on Willy and two children to leave them wealthy. He still lectured and reaped enough money to make feverish attempts to relieve some of his past glories. In 1890, he made a trip around the world in 67½ days; in 1896 in 60 days.

Though he claimed to be worth millions, Train spent the last years of his life in the Mills Hotel on Bleecker Street, New York, living on $3 a week. He valued his Omaha properties (though lost through foreclosure) at a cool $1 million. His imagined wealth also consisted of a $1 million claim against England for the tramway fiasco; $100,000 for "exposing the Beecher scandal"; $1 million for false arrest by New York authorities, and $300,000 for helping build the Union Pacific Railroad.

An old man with a mind full of memories and with time on his hands, Train became a food faddist, munching peanuts as a chief part of his diet. Until his death in 1904, he was a familiar figure in Madison Square, sunning himself on a park bench, delighting chilfren with fairy tale stories of his life and deeds, and sharing his peanuts with the squirrels.

But, George Francis Train kept what no man could ever take away. He had been a giant of the American Frontier when the air was crackling with the excitement of big things in the making. For, surely among all the others who created what came to be known as the Spirit of the West, there walked the man in frock coat and silk hat, with long vision in his eyes and a touch of madness about him.

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SHERIFF'S I'VE COME UP AGAINST

Continued from page 31

heard the hammer click several times but no explosion.

"Stop 'er Cholly!" he yelled. "Stop 'er!"

Charley half turned. "Damnit, I am stompin' 'er!" he shouted back. "She won't go no faster!" Hoop fell back on me, then put his face against Charley's.

"Blast your deef hide, I said stop 'er, not stomp 'er!" When we finally got stopped Hoop opened the right door and was getting out, but my riata was all tangled about his feet and he tumbled out on his face. When I got him untangled he staggered around in the car's headlights. "Now, ain't that somethin'!" he said. Some sonuvabitch has been monkey'n with my tools! They could o' got me killed! Turn around, Cholly, I'm gonta investigate this."

I didn't know if he meant the horse thieves or the gun prankster. We were to hell and gone fifty or sixty miles northwest of Sheridan and knowing the horse thieves had gone east I was so mad by now I had ceased caring what the Sheriff did. But, back in Sheridan, I persuaded him to go down the Prairie Dog road a ways and no sooner were we over the hump from the Courthouse than I showed Russ our horses' tracks. The road had a barbed-wire fence on each side and five miles down the "lane" I showed Hoop the tracks again.

"If you'd of done as I wanted," I told him, "we'd of had our horses. Now, here it's damn near morning and they've got an all night start." From then on we didn't rely on Sheriff Hoop. Our bosses kept on the job phoning all over. But by the time Hoop or some other Sheriff got there the thieves had moved on.

John Bentley, and also Charlie Cooley, had good saddles which Bill and I used to go on with our bronc-breaking. Half a dozen times the horse-thieves were heard of and one day in April Senator Kendricks' foreman at his O.W. Ranch sent word the wanted hombres were working on a certain ranch in Montana and he had notified the Sheriff.

The Montana Sheriff didn't happen to be another "Hoop" and by the first of May Bill and I had our saddles. The club-footed fellow, who had mine, had taken all the silver off and peddled it. When, on the 13th of May, 1915, I quit and left for new ventures in Nevada the men were in the Sheridan jail awaiting trial. Now, fifty-five years later, that night's episode gives me a good laugh, but while I was frantically trying to get a move out of portly Sheriff Russ Hoop it wasn't funny at all.

WESTERN ART OF LLOYD MITCHELL

Continued from page 35

Lloyd has covered much ground and the variety in his paintings speaks of what he has seen, but, he says, it's often that the story of a particular painting doesn't start until after it's finished. He recalls a Navaho Indian, Billy Whitehorse, who was killed in a gunfight in 1963. Four years earlier the artist went elk hunting in the Colorado Rocky Mountains. One afternoon he sketched Whitehorse.

"He was very quiet and expressionless," Mitchell reminisces. "When I showed him the sketch, he never cracked a smile or said a word. The next morning, I woke up as the sun was breaking and I saw Billy standing by the window looking at my sketch -- with a big smile on his face.

Lloyd Mitchell also has a natural wit about him. He sees the humor in situations where others might see only work and sweat. The skinny saloon that has become his trademark of late is probably the best example of this and it is truly a unique find in artworks where seriousness seems to be the rule.

Lloyd claims his wife, Donna, whom he married in 1938 is his toughest critic and in replying to her occasional request to paint landscapes or flower still lifes he says, "I paint what I enjoy painting and I enjoy painting the west." Since the early 1950's they have lived next door to Lloyd's studio at 9150½ Las Tunas Dr., Temple City, Calif.

Often commissioned to do paintings, Mitchell finds portrait work a fascinating, but sometimes difficult task. He recalls a few years back when he was commissioned to paint Bob Fuller of the then popular T.V. series, Laramie. Only it was to be a surprise for the actor's birthday so Mitchell couldn't get Fuller to pose. All he had to work from was an old black and white photo which Fuller later described as the worst picture that had ever been taken of him. But the painting got done and was widely accclaimed when hung over the fireplace in actor's home.

If the paintings of Lloyd Mitchell that we've shown you here have tickled your fancy, there's a good chance you can get one for yourself. He has his work displayed in over a dozen galleries across the country including Paul Metcalf Art Galleries, 1441 Huntington Dr., South Pasadena, Calif. 91030; National Art Gallery, 6715 Whitworth Dr., Los Angeles and Pin Bur Gallery, 114 N. 4th St., Henryetta, Oklahoma 74437.

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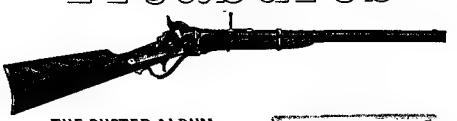

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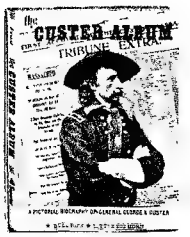

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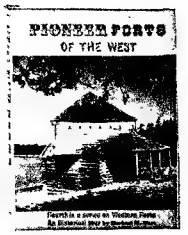

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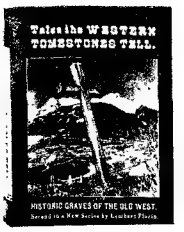

Missionary and mule driver. . .bad guy and blacksmith. . .what tales their tombstones tell! Jane Barnes, the London Barmaid, who lived the life of Riley's wife; the Modoc warrior, Captain Jack; the lost wagon train; the Meeker Massacre, and a legion of other thrilling and true stories that come out of the past and pass in review with Florin's magnificent photographs. Weeds cover the fallen stones, crosses lie crumpled on the sandy slopes, but walk along with Florin and feel the spirit of the pioneers.

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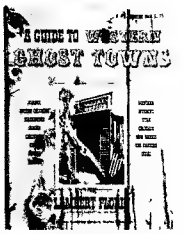

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THE RAWHIDE MEN

Continued from page 37

need a tent for him. I'll send him up tonight and you show him where to find it."

Rawhide's mad beginning was completely due to the humorous efforts of promoter Tex Rickard who enticed hundreds of prospecters, bartenders, miners, percentage girls, and others to flock into the new camp simply by placing a great sign which spread across the front of an outgrown church in Goldfield that read: THIS CHURCH IS CLOSED. GOD HAS GONE TO RAWHIDE.

Rickard was a publicity man par excellence and he knew human emotion. People needed something to laugh at for at the moment, hard hit by the financial panic of 1907, the mining business of the desert in general was somewhat depressed. Passing the jovial banner which was a most spectacular and still a most truthful advertisement of the new camp, people laughed hilariously and decided to jump on the bandwagon too.

Stingaree Gulch became famous for its ragtime music and boistrous laughter. Its' patrons were composed of eager newcomers, dusty prospectors full of the zeal and grand underlying faith that kept them plodding the trail from camp to camp, claim jumpers, thimble riggers, and swearing freighters. Anxiously approaching a somewhat tipsy local resident, a new arrival asks, "My good man, will you kindly tell me the quickest way to get underground?" "Just step right in there, stranger, and offer to lick any man in the place," replied the miner.

A newcomer on a tall, fine horse gets as far up Stingaree Gulch as the route allows, passing the ninety saloons whose doors were never closed, when the desire for fellowship possesses him and he enters. Being uncertain of the caliber of his new fellowtownsmen, or perhaps being very certain, he keeps tight hold of the tie-rope which runs out through the door and around the neck of his mount. Mischief-makers spy this situation and, after debating whether to substitute a runtish jack or the porch pillar, arrive at a third and gayer decision and lead away the steed. When the celebrater comes out, still clutching his end of the rope, he discovers the othe end of it around the stout waist of a bland and smiling squaw, already gifted with half a pint and half a dollar.

Still they came and the trails on the desert were white with their dust, the waterholes aglow with their campfires.

Another tone of Rawhides fun-loving fellows was seen in the form of the towns Post Office. Under a tin tobacco box hung a cows tail both gallantly mounted on a post at the rear of the lot where Rickard was building his replica of the Goldfield Northern Bar. Above the post, a sunbleached sign said: Drop Mail Here for Rawhide. Around this was a city of 500 people, engulfed in a metropolis of humor.

Almost anyone could discover a new mine or sell an old one in those hectic days. And one famous old character was smart enough to cash in on just a sliver of one or the other.

Fraction Jack was said to be so crooked he had to screw his shoes on. When he casually blew into Rawhide, Jack scuffed his heels in the dirt toward the main intersection of town, and with more nerve than a sensible person should have, located the darn property. With a population of 14,000 being then realized in the town, and excitement running at its peak, valuable ground and its technical end was often forgotten by the owner. And along would come Jack, doing a little surveying of his own. Every piece of ground he could find over 50 feet wide he would locate for himself as a "fraction".

Jack had discovered a plot of ground right in the center of the town which he surveyed to be presently available. Their minds occupied with the business of the booming camp, horseman and wagons paid him little attention as they made a wide track around him in travelling up and down the main thorough-fare.

Building a stone monument directly in the center of the intersection, Fraction Jack sat non-chalently perched on the rock pile with his rifle resting across his knees. After a few hours, along came John law recommending Jack's departure, before he found himself full of ventilation holes. Jack didn't take kindly to that since he was "just restin on his own property" so he just ignored the marshall and as the lawman suddenly became aware that someone behind him had shoved a gun in his back, the matter was dropped for the time being.

The town council met that evening, arguing and yelling back and forth to each other. They ended up paying Fraction Jack $500 to move off the main street of Rawhide.

Those were some of the Rawhide boys. They could do any darn thing they wanted to, if they were tough enough to handle it!

BUFFALO HORN'S WAR AGAINST IDAHO

Continued from page 41

Oytes and Egan did. The latter finally took over leadership of the Paiutes who joined the Bannocks. Those against the war returned south with Winnemucca.

This large force of Indians now streaked north and west into Oregon. They hoped to be able to persuade the Umatillas into supporting them.

General Howard had command of the far flung troops in the field after Indians. Captain Bernard was close on them. On June 23 he caught up forty-five miles west of Camp Harney on Silver Creek with four companies of hard riding, Indian fighting experienced cavalrymen.

In the battle that followed three soldiers were killed and six wounded. Thirty-six Indians were killed and fifteen wounded were captured on the battleground. Suffering so many casualties, the Bannocks and their allies fled.

Moving rapidly ahead of pursuing cavalry the Indians wiped out settlers and burned their homes. Cutting in ahead of Captain Bernard unknowingly, the Idaho volunteers clashed with the rear column of hostiles in John Day Valley, Oregon, on June 29. In the running fight eight volunteers were killed and sixteen wounded. In turn they killed twenty-six Indians on the extended battlefield and wounded an unknown number.

The Indians pushed on northward in a run, expecting to meet a band of Cayuse warriors who had promised to join them. What they found was two Columbia River steamers armed with small cannon to prevent them from crossing.

Near the Columbia General Howard led his troops to junction with those under Colonel Frank Wheaton, July 7. After a sharp engagement on Birch Creek (running into the Columbia) the large force of Indian warriors were soundly defeated. Taking flight, they went after a few squaws and children who had been sent into the Wallowa country.

Captain Evan Miles with a small cavalry unit pursued them along the Grande Ronde River.

On approach of the hostiles to the Umatilla Reservation Indian Agent N.A. Connoyer sent a messenger to warn Miles. While making a reconnaisance of the encampment Connoyer was cut off and nearly surrounded. But managing to escape the trap he joined Miles' troopers.

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The following day, July 12, friendly Umatillas arrived in the army camp. They reported that 11 Umatillas and 50 Columbia River Indians had left the reservation to join the Bannocks.

While Miles' troopers were eating a dawn breakfast on the 13th, 400 of the hostiles attacked from surrounding hills. The battle lasted all day long. The Indians retreated at sundown with their dead and wounded. During this lengthy exchange of gunfire five soldiers were wounded, none killed.

That night Umatillas approached the camp and were admitted. For a cash consideration they proposed to capture and kill the Paiutes fighting with the Bannocks. The agreement made, the Umatillas went to the Paiute camp a few miles away where they succeeded in capturing Chief Egan and fifteen of his warriors.

While guns were held on them Chief Egan and five warriors leaped to one side in an escape attempt. They were shot dead and scalped. In later years Chief Winnemucca's daughter, Sarah, declared that Miles agreed to pay the Umatillas $1,000 for the capture of Chief Egan. When he heard there was a monetory reward Umatilla Chief led his warriors by subterfuge into the Bannock camp and killed the rest of the Paiutes.

Two days later with only troops D and L, 1st Cavalry of his command, Miles hit the Paiutes and Bannocks at Meachem's Ranch. Nineteen Indians were killed while his casualties were only two soldiers wounded.

The death of Buffalo Horn had been their greatest blow but that of Chief Egan completely broke the Bannocks desire for fighting the white man. Their often superior forces with their allies resisted or attacked with hardly any enthusiasm that they could win an engagement with the army.

Colonel James W. Forsyth took over close pursuit with Troops A, E, F, G, H and L of the 1st Cavalry. Ahead of him the Indians killed two ranchers, burned their places and took their wives and children captive. Forsyth came up with the hostiles on July 20 on John Day's River (Oregon).

Early in the engagement the prisoners were rescued in a mounted charge led by a sergeant. One of his troopers was killed doing so.

When an estimated dozen Indians were slain the rest fled eastward. All over the vast theater of war, seeming to realize that their cause was lost, hostile Indians began fleeing to places of refuge. The Bannocks themselves began slipping back onto the reservation in small groups.

Continued on next page

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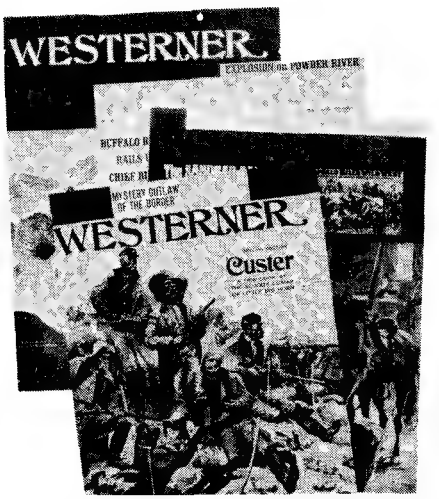

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BUFFALO HORN'S WAR AGAINST IDAHO

Continued from page 63

A few of them sought safety with tribesmen of linguistic kin or friends in allied tribes. Most simply tried to sneak through the soldiers far flung lines back into Idaho.

One such group was cornered on Bennett's Creek, a tributary of Snake River. Captain W.E. Dove with a detachment of Company K, 2nd Infantry, mounted, hit them on August 9. Two of his men were wounded and several Indians killed.

On August 20 another detachment of Company K under Lieutenant Henry Catley surprised Bannocks and Shoshones on Big Creek, Idaho. One soldier was killed in the half hour fight and at least twenty Indians.

The ring of troops around southern Idaho and reports of depredations against settlers pointing in that direction convinced General Howard that the costly Bannock war was over. Bannock allies had returned to their reservations and were contriving to secure themselves against prosecution.

Enroute to their own country the Bannocks tried to outfit themselves with food, clothing and livestock at settlers' expense. Where possible they stole what they could without a fight and made hasty retreat.

Only occasionally did they murder settlers. In an horrible instance four white women were taken prisoner near the Snake River by twenty Bannock warriors. Outraged for several days, one was knifed to death and the remaining three released in the Boise Valley.

Not always did the army manage to close the net around Bannocks rushing home to south central Idaho. On the August day that Lieutenant Catley fought his skirmish, Troops G and D of the 1st Cavalry under Bernard were attacked by 50 Bannocks.

The troopers guarded a supply train in the field when discovered by the Bannocks. Biding their time, they waited until freighters and troopers entered a wide defile. Attacking suddenly, they drove through long enough to loot the first freight laden wagon.

Rallying, for two hot hours the troopers held them off. Realizing they would never be able to pillage the train, the Bannocks withdrew.

Fleeing homeward a dozen warriors attacked the surveying expedition of A.D. Wilson in Wyoming and ran off all livestock. On approaching Henry's Lake, August 27, they ran head-on into Captain James Egan's Troop K of the 2nd Cavalry. They lost all sixty head of the horses and mules stolen from the surveying party before taking flight.

Near Index Peak in Wyoming Lieutenant W.P. Clark of the 2nd Cavalry and a mounted detachment of the 5th Infantry and Indian scouts were surrounded late in the day of August 29.

The Bannocks in this instance were in sufficient force to keep them boxed up. This was done so that their old men, women and children might escape back into Idaho with livestock and plunder taken from settlers. Until noon the following day the soldiers were kept pinned down, whereupon the Bannocks seemed to vanish into thin blue air.

The last battle of the Bannock war took place in Montana. A group of warriors and their families led by Chief Ploqua started north hoping to reach and join Sitting Bull instead of trying to get back to their own country. In Montana the Bannocks, killed, robbed and burned.

Colonel Nelson A. Miles (later a general) went to the Crow Indian Agency and on August 29 enlisted 75 Crow scouts. Moving towards the northward trail of Bannock outrages, he split off a small detachment under Lieutenant William F. Clark, sending them onto the Rosebud River. Miles led his larger force up Clark's Fork of the Yellowstone River.

Events were shaping by these two moves into two of the bloodiest massacres of Indians in western history.

Clark met and all but wiped out a small group of Bannocks trying to catch up with those led by Chief Ploqua. Then on September 4 Miles' scouts found forty lodges of Chief Ploqua's band near Heart Mountain on Clark's Fork.

The troops moved in for sudden attack. After the battle Miles insisted that only 11 Indians were killed in this very sharp engagement in which some cannon were used. Bannock Indians, none of whom were with Chief Ploqua, claimed only 28 were slain. Although the low figures of Indian dead have gone into official records, actually more than 300 men, women and children were slaughtered during the Miles engineered battle -- if it could be called one.

The noted frontiersman Finn Burnett who was on the scene with the soldiers made this report:

The thickets in which the lodges were located (concealed) were blown to bits by the cannons. The dead bodies of warriors, squaws and papooses lay everywhere amid the wreckage. The trail by which the survivors fled was slippery with blood, from the wounded and the dead taken from the lodges before the soldiers charged into an empty village.

The casualties of the attacking troops were a good many wounded, two dead Crows and Captain Andrew S. Bennett killed in action.

Miles reported that when the engagement ended neither a Crow scout or a Bannock was seen in the valley. When they deserted the soldiers in the fight the Crow scouts ran off with 250 Bannock ponies.

Part of the Bannocks who escaped Miles ran into Lieutenant Hoel S. Bishop a week later, September 11, while trying to get back to their Idaho country. Soundly defeated, most got away.

The following day while after those who escaped, Bishop overhauled them on the Dry Fork of Snake River in Wyoming and wiped them out to the last one.

A civilian who was present, Thomas H. Leforge, wrote in his book, *Memoirs of a White Crow Indian*, that these Bannocks decided to surrender to the troops when they saw them approaching.

As they advanced to give themselves up the deploying troopers fired volley after volley into them. When the powder smoke cleared five men, 62 women and 48 children and babies lay dead on the field. All were slain and not once during the massacre was a shot fired in defense.

Leforge declared that it seemed to him the killing of these helpless, surrendering Indians -- only five men among them -- was a wanton and cruel violation of the humanities.

These two bloody massacres of non-combatants was the sorry climax of the Bannock war of 1878.

During the winter of 1878-1879 more than 300 Bannock prisoners were held at Fort Keogh in Montana, Fort Washakie in Wyoming, Omaha Barracks in Nebraska and at Fort Hall. It was recommended by the Fort Hall commander that none of them be released in less than two years.

The prisoners represented only a part of the tribe taking part in the war. The rest had slipped back to hide successfully. In late 1879 only 131 remained as prisoners of war. By the end of that year they also were released and returned to their Idaho reservation.

The Bannock fighting had been bloody and fast but thereafter the fierce Bannock warriors, tougher in battle than the vaunted Sioux, never again mounted a war. Although a few renegades continued murdering and robbing settlers, the tribe remained at peace with the United States.

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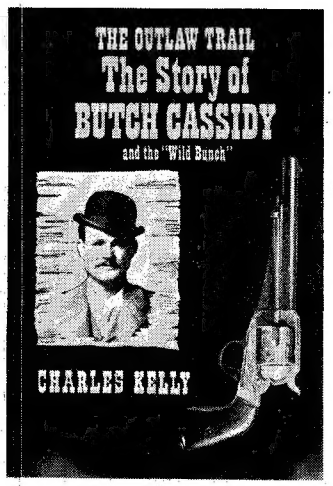

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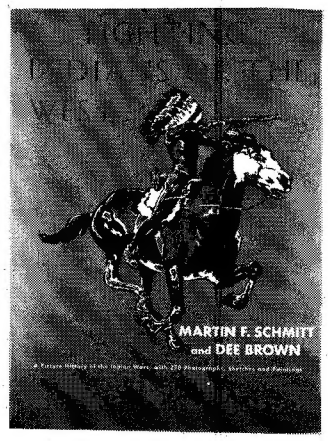

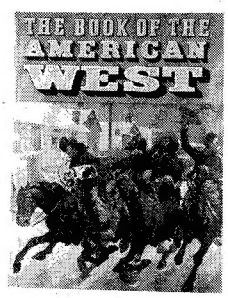

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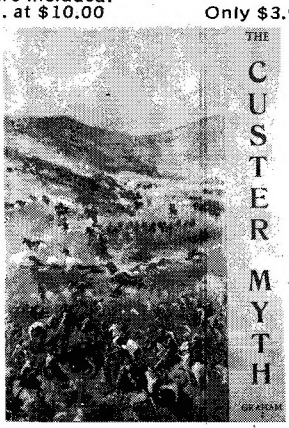

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THOSE DAMN TEXAS LONGHORNS!

Continued from page 45

as the horns of Champion have been lost. These were accurate pole measurements. A pole was laid across the horns from tip to tip. There are many Longhorn spreads on the market now over seven feet and some up to nine, but most of these are not accurate. Often the bone of the skull that hold the horns in position has been broken, pulled apart and the position changed to give the horns extra length.

The average horn spread was under four feet, anything over six feet was noted and anything over seven was uncommon. At the Wichita Wild Life Refuge at Cash, Oklahoma, the longest spread is 6 feet 2 inches, pole measurement and over eight feet by tape when it follows the contour of the horns. A steer's horns will grow till he is twelve years old. And this breed made good use of their horns -- if they were attacked by a pack of wolves they would stand in a circle rump to rump and the wolves would be facing a ring of vicious spears. With their horns they pulled down green miseltoe, and swept packed snow, brush or cactus out of the bunch grass. On the long drives north it was their long horns that made it possible for them to travel on hot days; these horns kept them a good walking distance apart and allowed the air to circulate around them thus keeping them much cooler.

Rainbow cattle is what they were sometimes called because of their vivid coloration. To say they were every color of the rainbow would be a grave understatement, their colors were far more varied than the rainbow. There were blacks and whites - brindles, blues and mulberry - ring-streaked, speckeled, lined and spotted. A distinct line along the back was very common, these were called line backs. No animal on earth produced the color variations of the Longhorns.

Right after the war between the states there was a great shortage of meat in the north; a three year steer that sold for nine dollars in Texas would bring seventy dollars in New York. This was when the great drives north began. A man with a spirit of venture and the desire to make easy money moved to Texas. All the capital necessary to bcome a rancher was a horse, a rope a branding iron and a lot of guts. His herd could live all year around on the open range, he needed no buildings for shelter, no fences for pasture and no hay for feed.

Cowboys were payed between $25 and $40 a month. The cook got $5 more than the top cowboy. The trail boss got $125 and it cost a dollar a head to move a herd North.

The herd was moved very slowly at first to prevent a stampede. A stampede was the worst disaster that could happen on a drive and almost anything could cause one. The most frequent causes were lightening and wolves. No cattle ever stampeded like Longhorns. When they bedded down, usually they all lay facing the same way and in a split second the whole herd would be on their feet all running the same direction. The only way a stampede could be stopped was to get the herd milling (running in a circle). Very few cowboys were ever trampled in a stampede. These cattle jump over them or move around them; but many riders were killed when their horses fell while running in the darkness. Big steers have been known to run 120 miles. Tom Mills, foreman of the Pon Ranch at Burns, Oregon, where a large herd of buffalo and Longhorns are kept, claims the only animal that out run this breed is buffalo.

These herds moved between two and four miles an hour depending on the stock, the weather and the terrain; 25 miles was considered a good days drive.

In 1890 the last herds were driven North. The short and colorful reign of this great breed had come to an end. Inspite of all their wonderful qualifications they had one very serious drawback that caused their decease -- they developed too slowly. As a quick converter of feed into beef they were greatly inferior to the range cattle of today. The modern beef producers of today reach maximum weight in three or four years while it took the Longhorns eight to ten years.

No animal ever came nearer extinction than the Longhorns. In the early 1920's, Congress appropriated money to preserve the breed and in the spring of 1927, W.C. Barns and T.W. Hatton travelled thousands of miles searching for the last survivors. By fall they had assembled 27 head and shipped them to the Witchita Game Refuge at Cash, Oklahoma. Today this herd numbers around 300. Pon of Burns, Oregon, now has a herd as large.

Longhorns do not make good rodeo stock and for all practical purposes they have disappeared - but in legend and in the minds of the men who knew them they will always remain the greatest breed God has ever produced. "They possessed an adamantine strength, an aboriginal vitality, a spartan endurance, and a fierce nobility that somehow makes one associate them with Roman Legends and Sioux Warriors." - Frank Dobie.

THE GREAT O.K. LAND LOTTERY

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The drawings were in charge of three representatives from the United States Land Office. One thousand names were drawn the first day; 500 from the El Reno District box and 500 from the Ft. Sill district box. The second day, 2,400 names were drawn. The first name drawn from the El Reno box was that of Stephen A. Holcombe of Pauls Valley, Indian Territory. When his name was announced, there was three minutes of wild cheering and hand clapping. The second name was that of Leonard Lamb of Augusta, Oklahoma Territory (no longer in existence). In the drawing from the Ft. Sill box, James T. Wood, a hardware clerk from Weatherford, Oklahoma Territory was number one and Miss Mattie Beal, a telephone operator of Wichita, Kansas was number two. Only the first 13,000 names were recorded but the drawing continued until all 165,000 names had been drawn and numbered.

The date when filings on the homesteads could begin was August 6th. In each of the districts, 125 persons were allowed to file daily in the order in which their names had been drawn. On the second day of filing, six names were called with no response. The procedure was to call such names at intervals three times. If at the end of the third time, no one had responded, that individual lost all their rights to file on that homestead. The records show that at Ft. Sill, 605 persons who had won homesteads of 160 acres each failed to respond; at El Reno, 757 winners failed to claim their 160 acres. This was a total of 1362 - again just about 1 out of 13 failed to file on their claim. The lucky ones could have the help of cowboys who knew the country to locate properly their claims. The charges for such services ranged all the way from $25 to $50. These cowboys were called "locators".

The handling of more than 100,000 people with food and water proved near enough to being a miracle. It was share and share alike. Medicine shows entertained, pitch men sold their wares, saloon and gambling halls did a booming business. Even the Indians got into the act. At Ft. Sill, things were a little more austere. Military rule there precluded any whiskey selling and little or no gambling.

By the time the first frost came, thousands of acres of land has been plowed, thousands of new homes, humble they might be, dotted the land. In the town there was a brisk business - all made possible by the great O.K. lottery of 1901.

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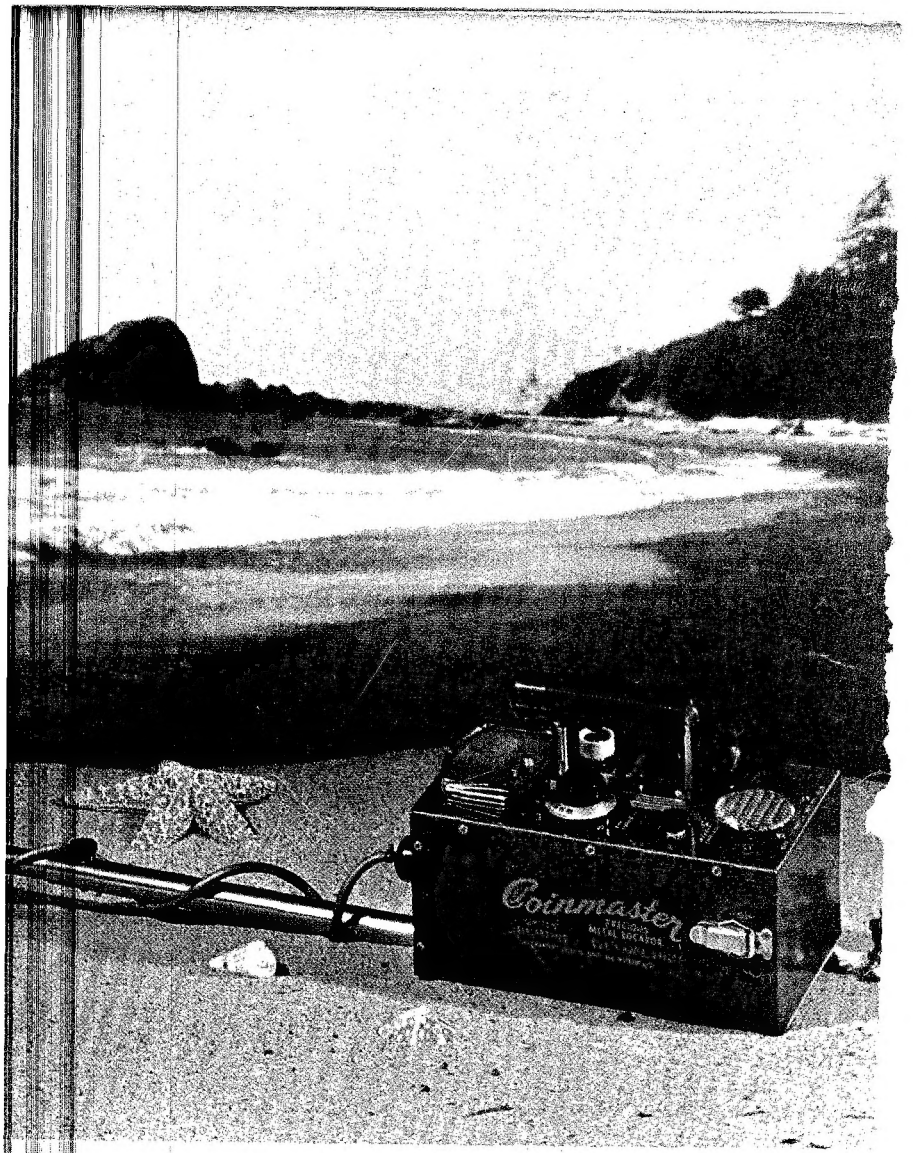

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